The MOVIE PICTORIAL

The National Movie Weekly

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Edited by Roy S. Hanford — **C. W. Garrison, Managing Editor**

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The Best Walling Story We Have Ever Published

The Second Installment of Felicia's Letters

Articles on American Film Stars Abroad and Movie Properties—How They are Made and Used

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL should be on sale at all newsstands every Saturday. Readers unable to get the magazine on that day will confer a favor by notifying the Circulation Manager. By instructing their nearest news-dealer to reserve them a copy of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL every week, readers will avoid finding the magazine "sold out."

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

8 So. Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

Realism in the Movies

Will You be a "Censor" for Realism?

The greatest delight in the Movies is found in watching **real people doing real things.** The moment any person does something that slaps our good judgment, the **reality** of the picture-play diminishes. Perhaps in stories, authors may "stretch a point," and so long as we accept what they say as plausible, the interest in the story is not lost. In the Movies it is different. You must certainly see illogical situations. Sometimes processes of law are disregarded, or cowboys do what real cowboys would never think of doing, or there are errors regarding household scenes, or farming, or gardening, or in any other direction. The time has come when we must **demand** that plots be **reasonable,** and the only way to succeed is to constitute the millions of "picture fans" into a great "Board of Realism Censorship." Will **you** watch the films and write a 100-word letter whenever you see realism abused?

$5 for the Best 100-Word Letter

We will pay, each week, $5 to the person who, in our judgment, sends the best 100-word letter regarding this lack of realism. To give you an idea of what is wanted, we produce what a correspondent recently sent to us:

> "I saw 'Rescued by Wireless,' a Universal Film, in which a girl learns wireless telegraphy during her little spare-time in one month. I never knew a 'lightning slinger' who learned any kind of telegraphy in so short a time, **putting in a full working day every day of the month in learning.** I doubt that the young lady could have mastered wireless in that time sufficiently to make any operator decipher her call. Yours truly, _____"

If you see something done wrong — or some inconsistency of plot, write in and tell us about it. The thing that keeps 20,000,000 persons attending the Movies is REALISM. We must have it! The sooner we point out film weaknesses in this respect, the better. Help make the Movies REAL—and be a Realism scout. Names and addresses will be published unless we are requested not to do so. Numerous letters will be published each week; the best one, in our judgment, gets $5 as an award. Get right at it—and ridicule inconsistencies as much as you like!

Address: Realism Editor

The Movie Pictorial Hartford Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

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A Message to Tsing-Tau

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

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TAMAKURA loved Lonnaveta, and the dainty little maid of Nippon reciprocated his affection. Indeed, before the harvest moon was done with its mellow duty, the wedding would occur—all of which put the song of gladness into the heart of Lonnaveta, and made Tamakura bold and ambitious and very brave.

"It is a fragrant gift to my little lady of the roses," Tamakura whispered, as he pressed a tiny vial into his sweetheart's hands. She withdrew the stopper expectantly, and a delicate bouquet floated on the wings of the air and made everything more adorable because of its exquisite essence.

"It is this way in the starry places of Buddha, beloved," Lonnaveta murmured, "beautiful with roses and redolent with rarest incense—"

A step upon the stone walk of the little garden aroused them from their dreams of bliss.

"The Mikado calls!" a soldier whispered as he saluted, and Tamakura understood.

A day had passed, and then another went its way and little Lonnaveta counted the slothful minutes until Tamakura's return.

The harvest moon beamed upon them, so round and burnished in its pale light, as he held Lonnaveta to his breast and trembled at thought of the news he bore her.

"Poor little Rosebud," he breathed at length. "You must be brave, for I shall be with you again soon."

"You are going—away?" she queried anxiously, for before the great circular beacon of the night should have waned in its monthly visit, their marital vows would be pledged. The moon was already round and full—and very sympathetic, as it always was before its decline.

"I go to Tsing - Tau," he told her, "on a message for the Mikado—to Tsing-Tau, and then to Kiao-Chau—to bear a message to Len Sun, the banker in the beleaguered town. But it must be so always, Rosebud, when the emperor commands."

For a long while Lonnaveta clung to him. It was difficult to comprehend—this awfulness of war. It had seemed so remote, and the wedding hour was so romantically near.

"But there is danger," she protested, pouringly.

Tamakura's chest heaved at thought of it—not that he lacked courage, but because, alas! his life was not his own. His body belonged to the Mikado—his heart to Lonnaveta—his soul to Buddha.

"I will take this comb—this hollow bauble of tortoise-shell," he laughed bravely, as he withdrew the trinket from her raven tresses. "There—I shall wear it—with the message in its centre—so. And if I win, you will know it, little Rosebud—and scatter this wonderful incense as an offering to the spirit of the harvest."

"And—if you—lose?" She faltered with a sob strangling her pulsing throat.

"There, there!" He patted her gently on the shoulders—pressed his dry, hot lips to her temples—and was gone.

The next night, as the silvery orb shone upon the garden, two vials were side-by-side; the wondrous perfume for unstinted use should Tamakura win—a deadly vapor-producing nostrum, should he fail!

* * *

Through the haze that hugged the waters of the Bay of Kiao-Chau, the grey spectres of Japanese warships were silhouetted against a jet background. Beyond them lay the German protectorate of Kiao-Chau, the walled city that grimly waited its impending doom.

Hugging the gloomy shores of Shan-tung, a billowing junk felt its way cautiously. A giant coolie manned its helm; a quiet, furtive Mandarin squatted in its bow, looking intently ahead into the clinging fog.

The Mandarin's breath rasped and rattled in his throat at times, for only as Buddha willed could be succeed. A million dangers lurked behind him; a thousand million waited on his coming.

The junk turned its prow more boldly into the bay, and picked its course between the sickly yellow, restive patbs of the searchlights' glow.

The guns of the forts of Kiao-Chau were silent, husbanding their shells against the morrow.

The Mandarin pointed warningly through the vaporous blanket and clicked his jaws. The coolie heard and layed hard on the rough beam that controlled the rudder.

The uncertain craft skimmed narrowly past a floating mine. The uncounted perils had been reduced by *one!*

There was a vibrant motion in the water. Some dark cigar-shaped object sped by them and a moment later a lurid tongue of flame leaped from the neighboring shore. A torpedo had missed them by a margin too small for computation; the restive searchlights of their best friends' ships had found them out—but the emperor's message to Tsing-Tau sanctioned no naval or military aid.

The junk swerved in its course, nearly capsizing in the miniature tidal wave that lapped in the explosive wake.

The watchful gunners in the Teutons' forts had heard—and they were answering now. Hot missiles sang angrily above their heads, or dropped like giant firebrands into the protesting yellow waves. The gods of destruction had roused from their scant slumbers, and the night throbbed and ached with war—and agony—and death. Here and there mines were pressed into service, until the inferno raged above them, at all sides—and beneath their quaking feet.

Tamakura, disguised in his Chinese garb, dare not so much as think of pretty little Lonnaveta, lest she catch his mental message of despair and perish with the long shadows that kept company with the moon.

At length, the firing abated, and the dangers seemed diminished. Once more Tamakura squatted hopefully in the bow, while the junk lapped through the sickening saffron waters on the road to Kiao-Chau.

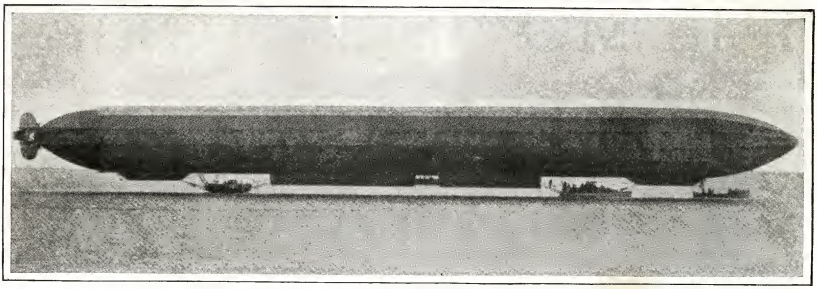
The battlements at last were dull-limned through the humid veil, but Tamakura knew that beyond the parapets there lay in wait for creatures such as him a malignant fate—and he compressed his jowls lest his teeth rattle a chilly tattoo and betray his thoughts.

Once discharged of his duty, he could drift southward, and he could yet return to redeem his avowals while the month of roses held sway.

Suddenly a launch darted through the fog—like an arrow through a loop of lace. Tamakura's heart pumped fast, but his features remained serene. A glowering German countenance was thrust close to his. No word was spoken, but Tamakura understood.

(Continued on Page 27)

HOSPITALITY ABUSED



They Saw One of the Great Battleships of Zeppelin as the Sun Shone on its Great Cigar-Shaped Shell

Taggart Escapes Through Germany to England

Photos © Underwood & Underwood and International News Service

SWITZERLAND is a neutral state. About all the important powers in the world have guaranteed that, no matter how savagely war may rage beyond its borders, Switzerland shall be left to enjoy its immemorial privileges in peace. That is necessary for the continued existence and prosperity of the country—for its main industry, that of shaking down American tourists, is essentially one of peace. It is a highly developed industry, too, and the natives regard it with affection.

And yet—if Clem Taggart and Billy Reynolds, having been saved from a German firing squad by the providential capture of Altkirch by the French, thought that their flight to neutral Switzerland was going to transport them at once to happy scenes of piping peace, they had, in the parlance of the day, several more thinks coming to them. Switzerland believes thoroughly in the good faith of its neighbors—France, Germany, Austria and Italy. It knows that they will never violate its neutrality. But—every able bodied Swiss has gone through his period of military training, and understands thoroughly the theory of war as practiced with modern guns and mountain artillery. In other words, the nation that invented the tip and the maitre d'hotel is taking no chances. It took its precautions before it learned the fate of Belgium in the present war, too. Belgium, you know, is another neutral state. But then, the innocent bystander is usually neutral, too.

Clem Taggart and Billy Reynolds, still a little unstrung, it may be admitted, managed to get to sleep in the house of the old peasant near Basle. There had been a quality about the tone of the German colonel who had caught them at Altkirch that had affected Billy's spinal cord in a most unpleasant manner. He had meant to have them shot; there wasn't any doubt about that. Billy felt an undying gratitude toward the French. It didn't make any difference what they would cheerfully have supplied the firing squad that the Germans, for reasons not under their control, had been unable to furnish, as Taggart had explained. The point was that they hadn't done it. From that moment Billy was pro-French. In fact, his last words, before he fell asleep, were: "I'm going to learn that French song—the Marseillaise, Clem! See if I don't!"

He hadn't learned it when he woke up. He hadn't had time to learn anything. The old Swiss peasant knew his duty. And the awakening of the two Americans was accomplished by a lieutenant of the Swiss army, who was, in normal times, a captain of waiters in a Lucerne hotel. For that reason he was polite—as soon as he found that they were Americans.

"I am sorry, m'ssieurs," he said, after one of his men had prodded them into wakefulness. "Your passports, please? Your authorization to remain in Swiss territory?"

"I pass," said Taggart. Then he sat up, blinked the sleep out of his eyes, and regarded this new captor attentively. "I haven't got anything that you would like," he went on. "My passports are all right, but they're not visèd for Switzerland. However—"

He paused. There was something about this man that bothered him. Then, quite suddenly, he got it.

"Emile!" he said, with passion. Reproach crept into his tone, into his eyes. "Emile! Would you do this to *me*? You who have so often warned me against the creations of Mr. Mouquin's chef? You who have opened so many bottles of wine at my order? You—I blush to remind you—who have so often accepted my poor pourboire?"

He was embraced—to the indignant surprise of Billy Reynolds.

"M'sieu Taggart!" exclaimed Emile. "My friend—my patron! Two thousand pardons! Wait! I go—but I return! And with me I bring all that you require of papers! Behold—I have promised—I, Lieutenant Emile Picard!"

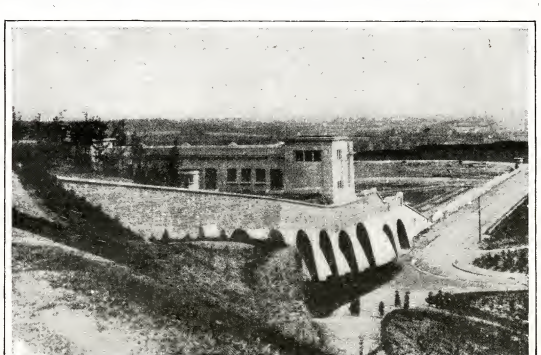
He made good, too. And while he was gone Taggart explained.

"Always tip your waiter, Billy," he said, earnestly. "There's no knowing when you'll see him again—or how! Emile was the best waiter in Mouquin's, in New York—and look at him now! An officer of the Swiss army! I bet Max is a major general somewhere! Do you remember Max? Sure you do! He looked after us sometimes — big, round chap, with one of those fierce moustaches?"

Mr. Reynolds expected to be damned, and said so.

"If you say that this is a small world, after all, I'll kill you," said Taggart. "And I'll tell Emile you're a German spy, and they'll give me a medal of honor beside acquitting me of murder!"

"All right," said Billy, meekly. "I won't say it, then. But, look here — what are you going to do with Switzerland, now you've got



One of the Forts at Namur Which Was Captured by the Germans

it? Eh? That's what I want to know!"

"I'm going to find some one that can take our films to Naples or Genoa for me—that's first," said Taggart. "Then they'll be on their way back to Broadway. And then—well, I don't just know. But I guess the first move will be to go to Lake Constance and see if some of those Zeppelins aren't flying from Friedrichshafen. We ought to get some good pictures of them—that's where they try out a lot of the new ones, you know."

"Is it safe?" asked Billy Reynolds. Taggart grinned. He understood his camera man pretty well. Billy could work up plenty of nervousness—until the crucial moment came. And then he wasn't simply brave; he wasn't simply indifferent to danger. He didn't even know there was any danger about! From the moment when either his own eyes or the voice of Taggart told him that there was something for the camera to record, he could think of nothing else. It had been so when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was killed; when the Austrian shells, at the Drina, were bursting within a hundred yards; in Altkirch, when the French were driving the Germans through the streets.

"Safe? No — of course not!" said Taggart. "But it's great stuff—or will be."

"All right," agreed Reynolds. "But I won't walk there—not if it's only three blocks! I've walked across half of Germany already, and enough is enough!"

That was pretty nearly a true statement, too. They had crossed parts of Belgium, sneaked through Luxembourg, got behind the German advance into Lorraine, and crept, making their way by night, past Metz and through half the battlefields of 1870, only to be caught by a German patrol outside of Altkirch. They had no pass; permission to follow the fighting with a moving picture camera had everywhere been denied. They had known, therefore, or, at least, Taggart had known, that a meeting with the troops of either army was pretty sure to mean not only confiscation of all their films, which included some pictures that promised to be truly remarkable of dirigibles and aeroplanes in action, but a chance to observe a German firing squad from the point of view of those facing its rifles. That, in fact, was exactly what the German commander had promised them. But he had given them respite enough to let them develop their films—and in that brief interim the French had come. Taggart and Reynolds hadn't stopped to congratulate the French. They felt that they were likely to be misunderstood. So they had seized the chance to get to Switzerland, knowing that the red-legged soldiers didn't know of their existence.

"We won't have to walk—not very far, anyhow," soothed Clem. "We'll ride in a nice Swiss railroad train—and, after you've done that for a while you'll be glad to walk!"

In spite of which slanderous statement the maligned Swiss railway system took them, in considerable comfort, to Constance. They reached the Swiss city, on the shores of the lake from which it takes its name, early in the morning. And almost at once they were rewarded. For, just emerging from a great hangar in Friedrichshafen, on the Wurtemburg shore, was one of the great air battleships of Zeppelin. The sun shone on its great, cigar-shaped shell; even Reynolds exclaimed at the sight.

"Only one thing to do—they'll never let us work in the open here," said Taggart. "You wait!"

Taggart carried gold—and an eloquent tongue. He needed them both. But he returned, to drag Reynolds with him to a house overlooking the lake, from one room of which he was now privileged to do what he might with his camera.

"Of course," complained Taggart, "there'll be no action to this—not unless she takes a dive into the lake. And even that wouldn't hurt her—she'd float. That's why they try them out here. But, Lord—she's the biggest I've seen! What a monster! I bet this is one of the big ones they figure on sending over to drop bombs in England!"

"Great little stunt, this telescope," said Reynolds. He adjusted the device by which Taggart had made it possible to annihilate distance in the taking of pictures. Then he studied the range, using a synchronized glass that let him see the relative size of the objects within his range. And suddenly he exclaimed, sharply.

"Got a glass?" he cried. "Then get the Zeppelin. Right? Now—about ten degrees

A Burned and Blackened Farm House Near Liege Which was Destroyed by the German Troops

west—and much higher. See that speck? It's too big for a bird, isn't it?"

"Jove—yes!" said Taggart. "Aeroplane! Coming, too—coming like a streak! Funny! Wouldn't think they'd have a 'plane coming that way! Heading from the French border—Strassburg, maybe. *Hello!*"

Suddenly he was vastly excited.

"Get ready!" he almost shrieked. "I can't believe it—but—yes, by the Lord Harry! That's a Depperdussin monoplane—and the Germans never had a 'plane of that type! Ready—start her, Billy!"

Nearer and nearer came the aeroplane, flying, with the wind behind it, at a speed almost incredible. And, as it came, it was sweeping downward, volplaning in long curves, then being caught up again. The big Zeppelin was up perhaps eight hundred feet; it began to maneuver now. And suddenly, from the gun platforms above the great gas bag little puffs of smoke began to rise. About the flying, dodging monoplane other puffs appeared; the smoke of bursting shells.

"Glory be!" said Taggart, solemnly. "Billy—that's a Frenchman, raiding! Look—there he goes!"

The aeroplane was circling above the airship now. And they saw something drop—something that separated into two black dots, dropping in a sort of unison.

"Linked bombs—Lord!" gasped Taggart. "See?"

But Billy wasn't looking. He was thinking only of his work. Taggart alone—and the camera—saw what happened. Saw the linked bombs strike true, the chain that held them drooping over the cigar-shaped shell. Saw the frantic efforts of the men on the gun platforms climbing out, regardlessly, on the frail footing of the gas bag. Saw the sudden flash; the crumpling of the huge Zeppelin as both bombs exploded. Saw the whole mighty structure collapse in a puff of smoke and flame. Saw, a moment later, the smoking wreckage dive, like a plummet, for the lake. Saw the cloud of steam that marked the grave of the air monster and every man aboard. And saw, finally, the monoplane winging its way back toward the west, whence it had come to deal that blow!

Then, and only then, the camera stopped. And the two Americans looked at one another.

"Did you get it all?" asked Taggart, awed.

"Every bit!" said Reynolds. "And I've got just three feet of film left!"

"Think of it!" said Taggart. "Can you see that on a screen, Billy? Gosh! It's too good to be true! They'll get it away from us! No one was ever meant to pull off anything like that! And we'll never see a thing like it!"

Reynolds was silent.

"Here's where we lose the camera!" said Taggart, with decision. "It's no good without film—and I don't know where we'll get any, short of London or Paris — and I wouldn't bank on Paris. Anyhow—we can get another camera anywhere where we can get film. Here—I'll darken up this room—or, you do it. I'll go down and fix up some kind of a lantern we can use."

"We can't develop here," protested Billy.

"Don't intend to. But we can't carry that film around loose, either. I just thought—I've got a chance to beat even a German search."

When he returned, with an improvised red lantern — actually, a pocket flashlight, with a red covering—the room was dark. They cut up the film then into short lengths—all that they had. And each length Taggart wrapped, first in red oil silk, then in black cloth.

"Thought of this sort of a fix long ago," he explained. "Then I got rattled, for a minute, and forgot. All right—give me your coat."

He removed his own coat. Deliberately he ripped out the linings. Then he produced needle and thread and distributed the precious packages of film. After which, having seen that each length was securely fastened, and that it would not rustle, or bulge unduly, he sewed the linings in the coats again.

"Some seamstress!" said Billy, derisively. "I suppose you learned that putting on your own buttons!"

"I learned it, anyhow," said Taggart, grimly. "And I suspect it's going to annoy some people a whole lot, too! The result is, anyhow! Even if they shoot us, they may have the decency to ship our clothes home as relics—and that'll do the trick. All right. I think we'll go home through Germany!"

"Help!" cried Reynolds, weakly. "Do you want to commit suicide? You've had lots easier ways than that of doing it!"

"Nix," said Taggart, cheerfully. "We used to be movie men, Billy. But I've had a chance to read the papers. Now we're stranded American tourists—who didn't have sense enough to get passports. See!"

He tore up the documents that had done

(Continued on page 26)

"The Man From Montclair"

Edison's Manager of Negative Production

By SELWYN A. STANHOPE

Horace G. Plimpton

ONE night, almost five years ago, there was an amateur performance of a well known stock play at a theatre of importance in Montclair, New Jersey. It was strictly a private affair as far as the sale of tickets were concerned, in that the performance was given by and for the members of the Montclair Dramatic Club. In fact, tickets were not sold. Invitations were the order of the evening.

Horace G. Plimpton, an artistic rug-maker of Montclair, then holding a position of importance with the Bigelow Carpet Company of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the leading lights of that particular evening's entertainment, for he was President of the Montclair Dramatic Club. He had acted in the capacity of stage director during rehearsals, and was the "king bee" of ceremonies on this evening of evenings.

A number of dramatic critics representing various New York papers, some of Mr. Plimpton's friends, and many prominent people—acquaintances and friends of the club's members—were present by invitation. The elite of Montclair was participating in the play. Naturally, the cynical critics didn't expect much real art in the way of dramatic talent to percolate during the production's denouement.

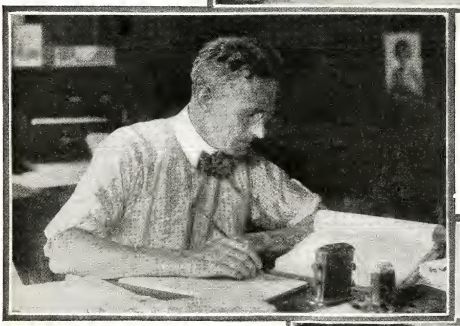
But there were others who were sure the play would prove a success, and thus convince the world that the very cream of the world's talent was being harbored and fostered within the confines of Montclair.

Frank L. Dyer, a Montclair citizen, and at that time the President of Thomas A. Edison, Inc., was among those present. Mr. Dyer attended out of sheer curiosity, since his friend Plimpton had invited him. Also, according to statements since made by Mr. Dyer, he was worried over business matters—that of motion picture production—so decided to attend a performance given by the Montclair Dramatic Club that he might drive dull care away.

The New Edison Studio Located in the Bronx, New York, is now Under Construction. The Picture at the Bottom of the Page Shows a Group of Edison Players Leaving the Old Studio to Make an Exterior Scene

Next day Horace G. Plimpton held a long conversation with Frank L. Dyer, and the latter urged the rug-maker to give up his position with the carpet company and immediately assume complete charge of the motion picture plant of Thomas A. Edison, Inc. By watching the result of Plimpton's rehearsals, Dyer became convinced that Plimpton would make a success in handling picture production, and offered him the position at a salary figure he could not ignore.

And so it was that the man from Montclair journeyed



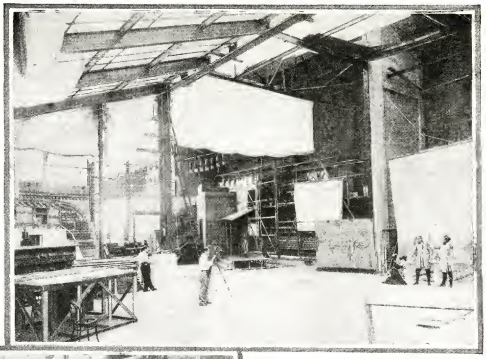
This Genius is Given Credit for the Individuality and Success of Edison Productions

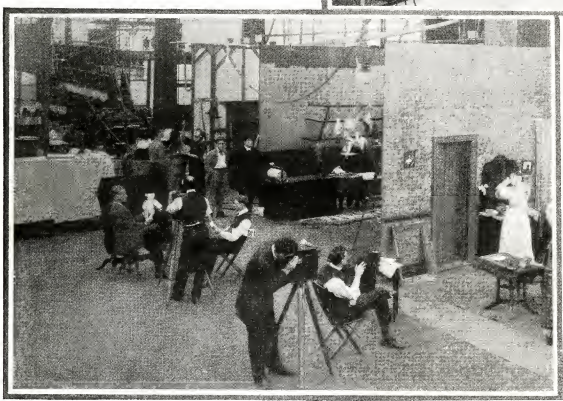
over to the Edison studio in the Bronx and began to create order out of chaos, place the Edison photoplays on a par with the offerings of competitive companies, and establish a reputation for the moral cleanliness of all productions bearing the Edison trade mark.

But the Edison studio's birth dates back to 1898, and shortly after the time that Thomas Alva Edison startled the world with the announcement that he could make pictures which would show things and people as they actually appeared. The first office and studio was a movable contraption which was carried on pivots, and very much resembled a "Black Maria," being twenty-five by twenty feet in size. It had a flat glass top, and had to be moved around as the sun changed its position.

At this stage of the motion picture's development, or evolution, only forty and fifty foot subjects were produced. No one thought of it as a commercial proposition. For a long time the experimenters under Edison used the "Black Maria" van for all pictures requiring interior settings. Later a studio was established on the roof of a building on Twenty-first Street, New York City, but in 1907 a studio was opened just opposite Bronx Park, New York City.

When the motion picture began to demonstrate commercial possibilities, people of all classes began to jump on board, and to infringe on the Edison patents.





Interior Views of the Edison Studio Showing the Different Sets in Position. The Lower Picture Shows Marc MacDermott and Miriam Nesbit Enacting a Scene in a Society Drama

Horace G. Plimpton assumed charge of the Edison studio when only one Edison picture was being released each week. There were few available actors for motion pictures, and quite often the property men and electricians, also carpenters were made do double duty. None of the picture companies then in existence employed a company of players as is the practice today. So one of the very first things Mr. Plimpton did was to surround himself with actors and actresses with personality, and who could register emotion.

First, Plimpton devoted his time to assisting his directors, but as the business began to grow and the demand for more Edison pictures became insistent, he hunted high and low for the sort of men who could and would carry out orders as pertained to matters of direction. Once he finds his man, he gives him free reign to employ his own ideas.

"The picture director," says Mr. Plimpton, "is supreme in his domain. With the rapidity necessary to the production of a certain number of pictures

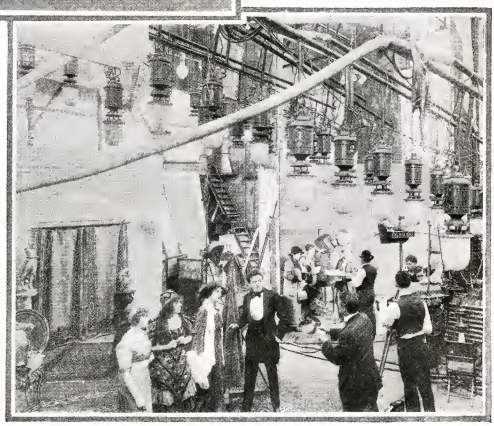
The company organized to produce and promote Edison pictures let production matters go that they might prosecute the trespassers of their rights. Thousands of dollars were spent in the courts, and the expenses were enormous. All the profits reaped from the Edison productions of the past were spent in litigation.

Realizing that they were not sufficiently strong in matters of finance to win out, the directors of the company behind the Edison patents decided to license their competitors instead of trying to make them cease operations entirely. Licenses were granted the Lubin, Vitagraph, Biograph, Pathe Freres, Melies, Kalem, Essanay, Selig, and Kline organizations, and in 1907 the motion picture industry took its first big stride.

Under the terms of the license, each one of these companies were compelled to pay a tribute for the use of infringing devices. This sudden condition began to pay the backers of the Edison patents more money than they had been able to make as manufacturers, so it was but natural that they devote the major part of their attention to the developing of the industry, leaving the matter of production to persons not so vitally interested. Though other producers were issuing one new thousand-foot subject each week, but two photoplays bearing the Edison trade mark appeared during a month.

Further, the early Edison releases were not exactly the type that the store-show exhibitors of the times were clamoring for.

Then Frank L. Dyer hired the man from Montclair, calling him the Edison studio's "Manager of Negative Production," and he has been just that ever since.



weekly, the motion picture director must be allowed to do his work unhampered, and as he sees fit, allowing of course, that due attention has been given the scenario prior to its being turned over to the director. I believe the scenario writer should be taken into consulation in a measure by the director before the picture is produced, and at the Edison studio I try to assimilate the position of the scenario writer. It is impossible for us to have the author of a script on the grounds, since we buy scenarios from all over the country."

The Edison Company can justly claim to have begun the adaptation of copyrighted works, by well known authors, to motion picture form. Immediately after taking affairs in hand at the Edison studio in 1909 Mr. Plimpton bought from Mark Twain the right to produce "The Prince and the Pauper" and it was brought out as a feature picture for those days, in one reel. This was followed quickly by the works of such authors as Rex Beach, Richard Harding Davis, E. W. Townsend, Carolyn Wells and Roy Norton. Quite an imposing galaxy then, but now not sufficient to attract a moment's attention.

"It seems strange," Mr. Plimpton states, "that it has taken almost five years for the producers generally to realize the value of utilizing prominent current fiction for motion pictures."

For two or three years after Mr. Plimpton inaugurated this idea of using current fiction stories by well known authors, the Edison Company had this field almost to itself. Of late, however, the demands have come with a rush, and today there is hardly an author or a dramatist of prominence whose works have not been bought for the screen, and some at very high prices.

In this connection it is to be noted that it was Mr. Plimpton who first begun the issuance of serial films by the appearance of the "What Happened to Mary" pictures. The published serial and the pictures appeared simultaneously, a popular woman's publication doing an unheard of thing by building its circulation to above the million mark through the publishing of the story of the film. This was followed by the "Who Will Marry Mary?" pictures, and which was conducted in the same way. "The Chronicles of Cleek," and "The Adventures of Octavius," are more recent Edison serials.

The weekly output of the Edison studio is six different subjects each week, five of them being single reel subjects. It is Mr. Plimpton's belief that the single reel photo-drama is the keystone of the motion picture industry, and that picture patrons desire their program as diversified as possible. This belief accounts for the fact that the Edison Company has never tried to outdo their competitors by offering more than one multiple reel subject a week.

At the Edison studio a rather peculiar policy is pursued in the handling of scenarios. A staff of three synopses writers is maintained. All submitted scenarios are read by the members of this staff, and those which seem fitted to the company needs are held back. The impossible stories are immediately rejected. Synopses of not more than 250 words are made by the staff, and these are submitted to the various directors, Mr. Plimpton inclusive. The directors read the synopses and on a slip of paper attached for the purpose, marks his decision with one of the four words "Accept, Reject, Read or Discuss." If marked "To Read," then the original scenario as submitted by the author is given to that director to read. Should all votes on the synopsis of a particular story be "Reject," the scenario is automatically sent back. If however, it is held out even by one person marking it, "To Discuss" it then comes up for a full discussion. This discussion is held every Wednesday night, at which time there is a conference of the entire producing force, and all matters connected with future work is gone over.

After accepting a scenario the producing director takes it and makes his own working scenario, making such changes as he thinks best. This working scenario is submitted to Mr. Plimpton before the picture is started, and any further changes thought desirable are made after consultation. The working scenario is, of course, used as a basis for the stage manager in regard to scenery, sets and properties, as well as by the principal actors. Copies of the scenario are made and given the heads of the different departments as well as to the actors and actresses, and before a production is started, all concerned are made thoroughly familiar with its requirements.

Though Mr. Plimpton does not wear the regalia of a scenario editor, he is virtually the Edison editor in that it is his mind that weighs and decides all scenario problems. His is the guiding hand which prevents Edison dramas from possessing that taint of impurity which marks the production of many of his competitors. He believes there are comedy ideas that do not depend for success on the risque and the illicit. Therefore, Edison pictures are clean. If there were only Edison pictures there would be no societies to keep an eye on the movies, and no board of censors.

Since 1909 the Edison studios and laboratories have grown to five times their original size, and as this is being written preparations are under way for a bigger and newer studio, and which will occupy the site of the present studio. This new studio will be equal to the best in the world.

Should the lay-man visit even the present studio he would find himself in a new world, and bewildered by the rapid coming and going of many people, the sinister glare of strange lights, the sharp ringing of an unseen gong followed by a sudden hush, another clang of the gong, followed by renewed activity, curt commands in a strange jargon; all this is perplexing—the first impression is confusing.

This impression is soon dispelled. The comings and goings have a definite purpose and produce immediate results. The lights and bells have their ordered place in the general scheme. There is no confusion, in reality, for the Edison studio is a place where things are done, and done well and quickly by men who know how to do them.

Imagine a vast hall, with a stretch of floor space, that would delight the heart of an old Viking, who liked to sit at meat with all his people at one great table. He would have no trouble here. There would be room for some outsiders.

Overhead is a network of steel beams, overhung by a glass ceiling. Every inch of this vast floor space is utilized for the production of the interior scenes. The sets are arranged side by side, a beautiful Fifth Avenue hotel sociably rubbing elbows with a sweat shop; a drawing room next to a kitchen; an Italian palace next to a room in a dingy hovel. A company of players works in each one of these sets.

Nothing is too great or too small for the Edison studio to do well. The compass of its achievement ranges from the microscopic to the gigantic, and though the past achievements of the Edisonites rang to the fore, it is the hope of still greater achievements which has brought about the need of a new and larger studio. It is the keynote of those who comprise the large Edison staff to do the very best, and their output is measured in excellences instead of numbers. Quality, not quantity, is the goal. Every man, woman and child in the studio seems animated with the desire to excel.

Listed on the roster of Edison players are the names of many who have achieved big success on the legitimate stage. Some of the chief Edison players are Mabel Trunelle, Charles Sutton, Richard Tucker, William Wadsworth, Alice Washburn, William West, Cora Williams, Miriam Nesbitt, Edward O'Connor, Barry O'Moore, Augustus Phillips, Herbert Prior, Julian Reed, Jessie Stevens, John Sturgeon, Elsie Mac Leod, Duncan McRae, Frank McGlyn, Richard Neil, Bliss Milford, Dan Mason, Marc MacDermont, Gertrude McCoy, Bessie Learn, Carlton King, Harry Linson, Gladys Hulette, Arthur Housman, Edna Hamel, Harry Grip, Nellie Grant, Robert Brower, Bigelow Cooper, Sallie Crute, Andrew Clark, Edwin Clark, Helen Coughlin, Kathleen Coughlin, Harry Eytinge, May Abbey, Mathilde Baring, Harry Beaumont, Yale Benner, Gertrude Braun, Edward Boulden, William Bechtel, Yale Boss, Viola Dana and Joyce Fair.

It is Mr. Plimpton's belief that it is impossible to obtain better acting in the motion picture drama than is shown today.

"If the motion picture play holds its popularity in its present form, the development will be in the line of better plots," he says. "We cannot improve the acting for we have obtained the very best. Present day photography cannot be improved upon. But we can have better stories. Of course, in the five years I have been connected with the motion picture business I have seen a great many changes, and I wouldn't dare go on record as saying the motion picture play has reached its zenith. Rather, I prefer to believe that the future holds a great many changes. I am not certain about the permanency of the present picture, and perhaps something may happen to revolutionize the art—perhaps the talking picture will come next. Who knows?" In the next five or ten years it may be possible to give an evening's entertainment with the talking pictures, presenting in five or six reels, some well known play.

Mr. Plimpton hesitates to speak of himself, and of his ideas, but briefly recites the story of his entire life as follows:

"I was born in South Brooklyn. My father was one of the original residents of that part of the city, which at that time, was considered a very desirable dwelling place. I lived there until twenty-four, at which time I moved to Bay Ridge where I met the present Mrs. Plimpton. Our home, since 1900, has been in Montclair, N. J. My first and only business experience before connecting myself with the Edison Company was with the Bigelow Carpet Company of Brooklyn, where I went as a boy, and with whom I remained until 1909."

Mary Fuller Battles with a Snake

SOMETHING is always "happening to Mary." The latest thrill to be added to this girl's life is a battle with a snake in which said snake met his Waterloo. Mary Fuller, with director, Walter Edwin and a company of some thirty-five players, was up in Blue Ridge mountains, Shohola, Pike County, Pa., putting on a three-reel Universal feature, "The Heart of the Night Winds." The hotel people affirmed there hadn't been a snake in the "Crick," which comes down from the big falls at Shohola, for twenty years. But when Mary pulled off her white stockings and little black shoes and began to "sozzle" her pink toes around in the water, a big water moccasin lifted its head from the moss across the stream and admiring beauty from afar, slipped into the water and swam quickly over to pay his respects to "our movie heroine." No Mary didn't shriek or run, but grasped a hickory stick and waited.

"I'll spank you, naughty snake," she warned.

But with blood in his eye he darted at her leg. After a series of terrific "whacks," the big nettled black lay still, and Mary was safe to go wading.

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

VIII

GOING back to work at the counter was not easy for Vera. Or, rather, it was easy enough to go back—the hard thing was to stay. She had reckoned scarcely at all on the things that would make it difficult; her action had been, in a sense, impulsive. And she had no guide of experience, of course, to help her to realize, in advance, how much worse the work was going to seem than in the old days before the wonderful incursion into the movies.

Then it had been hard. There had been few easy days. She had risen sometimes with the feeling that she could not force herself to go through with the day's work; she had felt that her feet would not sustain her through the long drawn out agony of ten hours of constant standing. Gudge and Bartlett, of course, provided chairs, or stools, rather, for the girls. They had to do that, under the law. But the law politely ignored the fact that the firm fined any girl who was seen sitting down, whether there were customers about or not!

The deadly monotony of the work had affected her before, too. She had wondered, dully, at times, if she was never to do anything else, never have a chance to do something she could enjoy. And with her scanty wages, she had had to pinch and starve, had had to go without clothes that she might eat, or, sometimes, go without food that she might be decently covered.

But—in the old days only her imagination had supplied her with a different outlook. Only her imagination had enabled her to feel what it must be like to have plenty of money, to have work that was enjoyable in itself, to be amply fed. And her imagination, vivid as it was, had fallen far short of the reality. Now she had that—the memory of a time in which her dreams had come true. She could subject every moment of her life, now that she had returned to the drudgery of the store, with its corresponding moment in the wonder time that was over. And it was hard.

Vera was conscious of no wrongdoing. She felt that she had maintained the standards that, in some miraculous fashion, she had created and preserved for herself since she had been thrown upon her own resources. In every crisis she had confronted she had asked herself which course was right, which wrong—and each time she had chosen what her conscience told her was right, irrespective of the consequences to herself. And now—it had brought her back to the store—after an experience that had sickened her of stores, and all the humiliations, all the petty sufferings, that they impose upon their employees.

Inevitably, therefore, contrasting what she must do now, what she must endure, with the ease and splendor, from her point of view, that her work with the Climax company had given her, Vera came to the point of asking the eternal question of those placed as she was placed: "Is it worth while? Does it pay to be straight?"

The most dangerous of questions that, that a man or woman can ask! For it implies a mood dangerous in itself; a mood wherein sophistry, always on the side of self-indulgence, is re-enforced by such innumerable evidences that it does not pay. Against abstract principles concrete necessities, hardships, deprivations rear their heads. It was so with Vera. Now for the first time she knew, out of her own experience, just what she was giving up. She could match every rough spot she had to travel with the ease she might be enjoying.

And another element entered into her suffering. She found in the other girls in the store a derisive unwillingness to think of any explanation save one of her absence, of the sleek plumpness she had acquired during its term, of the good clothes she was wearing now that she was back. In her essential, innate decency Vera had never thought of the construction these other girls were so cruelly certain to put upon her absence. None of them knew what she had been doing; a true, wise instinct, that served her well, had impelled her to silence. She had told no one—and had spared herself, by her silence, the fruitless annoyance of knowing that she was not believed.

They had only one explanation. She had been fired, they knew, at a time when work was hard, if not impossible, to get. She had not found work in another store, or some one of them would have known it. Instead, indeed, she had left her boarding house, and dropped completely out of sight of her old associates. Yet she returned with every evidence of prosperity. There was only one explanation possible, as they saw it—and, nine times out of ten, unhappily, they would have been right. Some man had given her these things, had cared for—at the usual price. Now there had been trouble with him; she was forced to return—and had been lucky enough to get back.

"I Wonder if it Pays to Be Straight?"

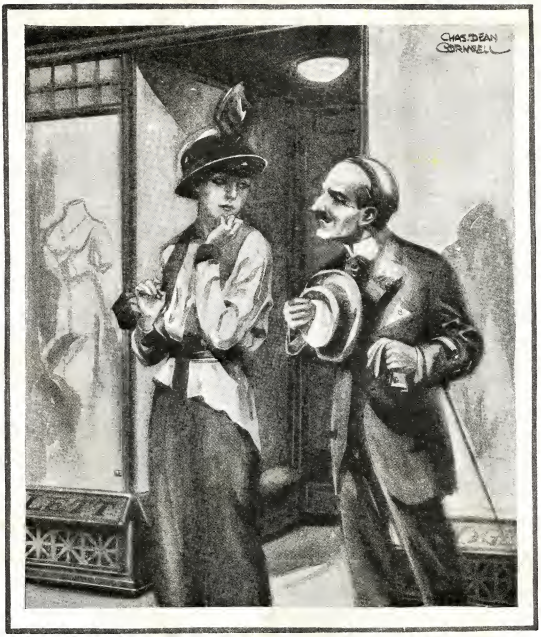
The inevitable result was a sort of ostracism. The girls with whom she had formerly associated would have none of her; they felt, fighting as they were, always on the battle line, that they must keep their skirts clear of one who had given up the fight. And the other girls, not numerous, but important in the store, who had frankly given up the fight long before, and welcomed the Hazzards and the others of his type, horrified Vera. She had never had anything to do with them; she repelled their insinuating advances, which were quickly made now, with horror. They regarded her as one of themselves. With the instinct that drives those who have gone down to welcome anyone who follows, they courted her. But she felt toward them, in a milder way, as the other girls did toward her. She knew too much, she had learned too much, for her old savage intolerance to have survived. She pitied them now. But—she still held herself above them. And so she was suspended in space. She belonged in neither camp.

Inevitably, therefore, the question of whether it paid to be straight, that she was beginning to ask herself, was coupled with another, just as sinister in its implications, in its indications of a shifting mood and a changing point of view. She had paid part of the price of surrender; should she suffer without reaping any of the benefits?

So Vera learned the lesson, as it was necessary and inevitable that she should do, that cutting the Gordian knot is seldom enough to resolve a difficulty. She had, as a matter of fact, evaded, or tried to evade, the problem created by Forster's resignation. For that she had felt herself to blame. She had believed that he had, on her account, risked his entire future. And, being determined that he should not be allowed to do anything of the sort, she had tried to solve the problem by her disappearance. There had been another reason too. . . . She had been touched by his loyalty to her; by the passionate vehemence of his speech when he had explained what he meant to do.

And—she had been afraid. For the first time she feared Forster. Knowing what he thought, or had thought, concerning her; knowing, too, his views of life, she had felt certain that he would, sooner or later, renew the talk they had begun on the night of the motor accident. And—could she resist him again? Burdened with gratitude, knowing what she owed him, how much he had sacrificed for her, could she trust herself? That fear, too, had been a factor in her flight. But she was learning, in her suffering, that flight is never a solution.

Certainly her flight had solved no problem for Harry Forster. It had presented him, instead, with a host of new ones. After their parting, on the day when both of them had left the Climax Film Company. Forster, as he had told her would be the case, had been more than busy. He had told her even less than the truth when he had said that he had no regrets for his action. He had, even more than he knew, been falling into a rut. The malign influence of Beatrice Brewster would, before long, have arrested his progress and his growth entirely. Now he found himself with his whole stock of enthusiasms renewed. He went at the task of building up a new connection with an energy that delighted and surprised him.



"So You're Back, My Dear," Hazzard Said, Falling into Step Beside Her. "You're Looking Well. You're Prettier than Ever"

Naturally, too, he made discoveries concerning himself. Half a dozen offers reached him that day. As soon as it was definitely known that he was at liberty, bidding for his services began. Neither he nor the Climax Film Company had realized in what esteem his work was held by others. He discovered, to his amazement, that several concerns would have sought to engage him long before, had they not supposed him irrevocably bound to the Climax by a long term contract.

All this pleased him, of course. But it did not throw him off his balance. He had left the studio of the Climax Company with a definite plan in his mind; a plan that involved, not only his own success, and provision for Vera's future, but a personal, obvious revenge upon Beatrice, conceived in the only way that could possibly avail to hurt her. It was a revenge, moreover, that appealed to him aesthetically, for it would stop at hurting the woman who had so deeply aggrieved him; it would do her no real injury. It would lacerate her feelings, but that would be all, unless, as might well prove to be the case, she suffered through losing his direction of her work. That, of course, time alone could prove, and it was something, in any case, for which he was not responsible, since it was she herself who had made it impossible for them to work together on the old basis any longer.

Forster's execution of his plan was helped by the fact that he was invited to pick and choose between various concerns that wanted to employ him. Two hours of going about made it plain to him that he had arrived; that his position in the film industry was hereafter to be a much bigger and more important one than he had dreamed of. And, as his plan involved using Vera, this made it easier for him to get the terms he wanted for her. She was unknown; a manufacturer, asked to give a contract to a girl he had never heard of, might be expected to balk. But when that contract was made a condition of getting Forster, the whole situation was changed.

By nightfall he understood bow things were going, and he tried to reach Vera on the telephone. Only the maid answered; he did not understand her attempt to tell him that Vera had gone, and, assuming that she was simply out, dismissed the matter until morning. That night he might, conceivably, have managed to trace her; in the morning it was too late. She had vanished utterly. At first he was angry. The thought that she should leave him thus, without even a note, irritated bim. But he put it down to caprice; he still expected, three days later, when all his arrangements had been made, to hear from her at any moment.

But he did not. And then, seriously alarmed, be began a real search. The one place that should have come first to his mind, Gudge and Bartlett's, he never thought of. Vera, in the moments when she had allowed herself to think that he would look for her, had anticipated that. But, actually, she had never seriously believed that he would spend much time looking for her. She had fancied that he would be more likely to heave a sigb of relief and forget her.

He did not. He searched, instead, in every place that he did think of. He went to her old boarding house; there he was rebuffed. And, though he knew tbat to look for her was like seeking a needle in a haystack, he did not stop. He tried other stores; somehow he felt certain that if she were hiding from him Gudge and Bartlett's would be the last resort. And, as his search went on, with failure as its only reward, the whole plan he had made and begun to execute was threatened with the direst of failures. Vera was essential to his success. He depended upon ber to carry out what he intended to do. So far as he knew there was no one be could substitute for her, even had he been willing to make the effort to do so. And he grew desperate. Half angry, half sorry, be realized only one thing clearly—he must find her.

He engaged detectives, finally, for he began to be afraid. He did not know what she might not have done. And the bureau he retained had orders to stop at nothing, so long as it found her. He had set it a difficult task, however—one far more difficult than at first appeared. For Vera, not knowing that she was being hunted, would do none of the things that those consciously seeking to evade discovery do. Detectives, as a matter of fact, work according to formula almost algebraic, so little does it vary. They know that criminals, or those who, for any reason, are likely to try to keep themselves hidden, almost invariably do certain things to maintain their seclusion—and that these very things, as a result of their almost universal employment, are the most likely to betray their users.

But Vera, in utter ignorance of the trouble she was causing, simply went on living the normal life that had been hers before her great adventure, so pitifully brief in its duration. She rose in the morning, ate her scanty breakfast, and went to the store. At noon, with hundreds of others, she was released for the brief luncheon interval; at the closing hour she was free to take her aching body and her swollen feet to the tiny cubicle she called home.

For days there were no breaks in the routine, though there were chances. Old Hazzard, like the girls in the store, drew his own conclusions from the gap in Vera's service, and from her changed appearance on her return. She had succumbed at last, he reasoned—to some one else. Well—all the more reason, then, why she should be willing now to listen to him. He approached her again, in his sly, detestable fashion.

"So you're back, my dear," he said one night, falling into step beside her as she walked away from the store, alone—as she always was now. "You're looking well—you're prettier than ever."

Vera was silent. She quickened her pace, but he clung close to her, though he did not venture to touch her. Three girls, just ahead, turned and saw—and she heard them snickering. A blind rage assailed her, and her

(Continued on page 27)

The Movies and Their Future

An Interview with Daniel Frohman

By KATHERINE SYNON

THERE was a time, not long since, when dramatic producers and makers of the film drama bore to each other the relation of David and Goliath, Achilles and Hector, Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries and other famous fighters of history. It was the rule for a dramatic manager to stand on one side of the fence and rail at the film producer on the other, and the rule for the latter to point only to his box office as an incontrovertible answer to all the former's arguments. But times are changing; and there is, perhaps, no stronger proof of the revised attitude of the dramatic producer, and incidentally of the film producer, than the fact that Daniel Frohman, one of the deans of the American drama and manager of some of the most successful plays of the last decade, has crossed the fence.

Daniel Frohman has been a photoplay producer long enough now to speak with authority on both sides of the oft mooted question of the relative value of photoplays and the spoken drama. He has attained, in his association with the Famous Players Company, the same notable successes that have marked his earlier work in the theater. In the first interview that he has given on the subject Mr. Frohman takes the middle ground that is characteristic of men who see a controversy from both sides, pointing out the peculiar advantages and disadvantages of the two methods of entertainment and finding how the reactionary influences of one on the other have broken many holes in the dividing fence.

In the studio of the Famous Players on West Twenty-sixth street in New York, Mr. Frohman was directing the production of a film for Mary Pickford's appearance with the same concentrated attention to detail that he has been wont to give to productions of the spoken drama. He criticised and changed and commended from the point of view of a manager who makes a production with the thought of the death watch first night verdict ever in his mind. The advantage of his years of judicial direction of plays became evident as the work proceeded, but when noon came, everyone in the studio but Daniel Frohman was limp. He flung himself into a philosophical consideration of the value and the future of motion pictures with the zest of a man who has just opened his office desk after a month's vacation in Colorado.

"It's only beginning—this work," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the miniature theater where a film was being run off for members of the National Board of Censors. "It's been so scattered that it's only just beginning to concentrate. With the concentration comes the better results of the kind of films used and the manner in which they are produced.

"The films have come through periods of history closely paralleling the history of the American drama. There were Indian plays first, then rank melodrama, then extravaganza, then spectacle, then comedy, then genuine drama, romantic preferred. Of course, some of the earlier film styles still remain with us, but I mean that the more progressive film producers have gone ahead through these phases of work until the standard film drama of today is very like the standard drama of the regular theater."

"Are these dramas taking people away from the regular theater?"

"No, I should not say that they are," Mr. Frohman decided. "There is always, and probably will always be, an audience for a good play that can not be taken away from it by any other form of entertainment. It satisfies some sense that no other form of pleasure appeals to. But the standard film dramas are taking their following from another group, from the readers of 'best selling' books. Where a man used to stay home in the evening and read a book, preferably a book of adventure and romance, he now goes to the motion picture theater in his neighborhood. This has an advantage in that only one person may read a book at a time, but every member of the family who goes into the theater sees the play at the same time. In this way, the matter of the play becomes a family topic instantly. And discussion is always valuable in the education of families.

Daniel Frohman—the Famous Players' Managing Director

Mr. Frohman Meets Norma Phillips, "Our Mutual Girl"

A Discussion between Two Such Wonderful Men as Sir Henry Arthur Jones, Dramatist, and Daniel Frohman is Sure to Evolve Some Brilliant Plan

"That suggests to me," the manager continued, "one of the most important phases of the value of films. I am sure that there has never been so broadening an educator as the films. The visualizing of a place, a person or an event is an educational factor whose value can hardly be estimated. One of the great difficulties of teaching children in the primary schools is their lack of ability to visualize the places, the persons, or the events which the teacher is trying to impress upon them. For this reason geography is usually very vague to children, and history is simply a collection of names. But haven't you noticed that children are tremendously interested in pictures of the people and the customs of foreign countries? It would be so easy to utilize this interest in furthering the teaching of history and geography. The boy who sees a picture of Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation will remember that act far longer than if he had simply read of it in the course of his study. The boy who sees a picture of Zanzibar will have an idea of East Africa that the reading of ten books would not have given him.

"New York seems to be awakening to the educational value of the films," Mr. Frohman said, "for Mr. John Purroy Mitchell, the mayor of Greater New York, has just returned from a trip which he made to Indiana for the special purpose of studying the system of the Gary schools in which films are an important, possibly the most important, factor. Gary, which seems to be setting a new educational standard, has discovered the value of the films.

"The educational value of the films need not be confined altogether to the schools. Perhaps no factor has done as much toward increasing the general information of the American people concerning the rest of the world than has the

(Continued on page 32)

Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF TWELFTH EPISODE: *A ship bound for the Bahamas had just hoisted its anchor, and a sailor, who chanced to gaze down, saw a strange box fastened on the bill of one of the anchor flukes where it retained its position by means of a rope or wire. The sailor climbed down the chains, rescued the chest and wrapping it in his blouse, disappeared into the hold. This box bore the name of Stanley Hargreave. He placed the box in a sack which he hid in his room. The Countess, who had been staying at the farm house after her experience in the wreck, sent word to Braine, who came for her in an automobile. About this time, the ship landed in the Bahamas and the sailor, suspecting that the treasure-box contained great wealth, attempted to smuggle it ashore. He had an altercation with another tar, and as a result, the box was dropped into the sea. Jones had a mysterious visitor, who came to the Hargreave home and whistled. This visitor was an exact counterpart of Jones. While they were talking, Braine and Olga drove up in a taxi and spied on them. Braine took a pistol and was evidently going to fire at the moment when Florence, in her room, happened to draw aside the shade and saw the conspirators. Taking a pistol from the bureau-drawer, Florence aimed and shot Braine in the wrist. He dropped the gun and fled. Jones or Hargreave picked up the pistol and shot at the fleeing villain. When Florence came out of the house, the double beat a hasty retreat—Jones promising to tell her some day who it was. Returning to New York, the sailor talked around the saloons about the mysterious box with Hargreave's name on it. Vroon heard the conversation, and a man was commissioned to go south and engage divers. He was successful, and brought the treasure-chest back with him. Vroon was spying on the Hargreave residence when Norton surprised him and overpowered him, and Jones and Norton bound and gagged Vroon securely. Rifling his pockets, they secured various articles that they confiscated. Jones and Norton then went to the rooms of the Black Hundred, gaining admittance behind their black masks. The man from the Bahamas brought the box into the room and placed it on the table. The Black Hundred were prepared to open it. Just then the lights went out, and when the illumination again came on, the box was missing, and also three men. At the close of the episode, the treasure chest was seen to be sinking into a well or a hole, and only the hands of the person who held the rope were visible.*

Why Did *Braine* and *Olga* Recognize *Hargreave*, Who Was a Duplicate of *Jones*, When They Had Not Suspected *Jones*?

I TOLD you that Stanley Hargreave would return! You have seen him—the counterpart of Jones—the man who, in the twelfth episode, signaled to the butler and who was joined by Jones! Which was Hargreave and which was Jones? I can not say. They did not tarry long enough to give us an opportunity of studying them. The appearance of Braine and Olga rather hastened the scene. However, one was Stanley Hargreave and one was Jones!

Now, you will ask me how I could have been so certain in past articles that the millionaire would return. In several of my talks preceding this one, I have told you that I could lay my hands on Hargreave. For your benefit, I am going to explain what processes of reasoning I employed. First of all, in Episode No. 1, I wondered why Hargreave never turned his face toward us *after* he had shaved. Such view as I did get convinced me that he was an exact counterpart of Jones. This idea had been augmented by a study we had of Hargreave when he emerged from the bank, after withdrawing his money preparatory of flight. His features were the *same* as Jones': Therefore, he and Jones *must* be *twins* or *doubles*.

Again, at different times, Jones has been all love and concern about Florence, and at other times he has been indifferent. When Florence dropped the letter telling her to come to the Grove street address, Jones picked it up, but *did not read it*. Hargreave *would* have read it. I might mention numerous instances of like character to illustrate that Jones was sometimes *keenly* alive as to Florence's safety and happiness, and at other times was apparently *unconcerned*. Hence, *Hargreave* himself was undoubtedly *posing* as Jones, while the real Jones was absent, on some mission. Again, Jones *was* the butler and Hargreave was absent.

It is possible that *Jones* went away in the balloon to *mislead* the Black Hundred. The man who *looked like* Jones and who was trussed to a chair by the Black Hundred, *chuckled* at having deceived his enemies. He *acted* more like Hargreave would act. Or—would they have noticed the whitened skin where the beard had grown? Why was he any one *other* than Hargreave?

Vroon stood on the roof with a rifle, shooting at the balloon. We saw it *drop*. We *assumed* it was punctured. Possibly its occupants opened the gas-valve and brought it to earth, tossed out the ballast-bags, jumped out themselves, and permitted the balloon to arise, and it was blown out to sea, where the air-craft was found later! It seems plausible that there may be some *secret* entrance to the Mystery House. It seems equally reasonable that Jones *or* Hargreave (whichever had really joined the Black Hundred in Russia) had *always* belonged to that order. This being accepted as a reasonable theory, we can understand how the Hargreave interests were able to *thwart* the moves and designs of the Black Hundred. In the MacGrath story, we have learned of some mysterious person whom Norton meets, and who watched the apartment house where Olga lives. We recall, also, in the newspaper story, that when Florence set fire to her veil (as she prepared to leave for the Grove street address), Jones rushed to the basement. It was possible that he expected to find Hargreave there, and to warn him of impending danger!

I have given you these points rather hurriedly, because they must be brought up again—will bear more or less directly on the outcome of The Million Dollary Mystery. We have seen that Jones and Hargreave are as much alike in "looks" as the proverbial twin peas in the pod; that through their similarity they have deceived the public as well as the Black

Hundred; that one, at least, has quite probably been in constant and prolonged association or communication with the inner circle of the Black Hundred.

This twelfth episode, however, embodies certain inconsistencies that we should analyze. We see Norton and Jones (or Hargreave, probably) put on their masks and enter the chamber of the organization. You will remember, away back in the first episode, that when Stanley Hargreave had a vision of his earlier indiscretion, when he joined the Black Hundred, as a youth in Russia, the *others* were masked; he was unmasked, until he had taken the oath. If this was part of the initiation, why has it changed? How could Norton get into the Black Hundred as a member when he had never "joined"? He could succeed only through temerity—nerve—gall. This being the case, he took tremendous chances of being recognized. Now, I am going to tell you something about detection. I think I mentioned it in an earlier article. Suppose I wish to have a man "shadowed." I put one of my men on the trail. In a few days the "shadow" can *recognize* his quarry by form, habits, gait, etc., just as readily as that man's friends would recognize him by facial appearance. Braine, Vroon, Felton and others, *must* have *some* of the arts of detection. They have been both *hunter* and *prey* on different occasions for years. Even though the membership of the Black Hundred be considerable, still the appearance of Norton would at once awaken in the mind of a *trained observer* a suggestion that *this newcomer was Norton!* Every bodily movement of Norton would tend to betray him!

There were *three* persons missing from the Black Hundred rooms *after* the box disappeared. This merely confirms what I have been telling you right along; namely, that Hargreave's money might easily have corrupted a member of that order—or *several* members. Just add to this likelihood of bribery the possibility that Hargreave *never gave up* his membership in the order, and you will see *why* he had been *forewarned*, which means *forearmed*.

But—you may say, "Mr. Burns, if the Black Hundred could recognize *Norton*, though he was *masked*, why should they not recognize Hargreave as easily? If Hargreave had *not* belonged all these years, but had come in the way Norton entered, why should that recognition not have been more certain?" I do not state positively that Hargreave has *always* been in contact with the Black Hundred. He *may* have been. Leastwise, he has *kept* in touch with them through some such means as *bribing* one or more members. Some early friend of Hargreave's (some boyhood chum), who is a member, may have always kept in touch with the millionaire and been loyal to him. Jones, who *looks so much like Hargreave*, never attracted undue notice on the part of the Black Hundred, probably because *they took for granted* that Jones was nothing other than a servitor! Once before I intimated that maybe somebody *within* the Black Hundred gave them *misleading* information about Jones and Hargreave. This *inside* person may have been Hargreave himself, or some close friend or confederate of his. Once a person *takes anything for granted*, that person may never pause to *reason* regarding it. You may have cherished *misinformation* about persons for *years*, and never questioned the authenticity of your belief. I recall having known a certain family from boyhood. I knew their antecedents. The parents and my parents had been neighbors. I knew every member of the family as well as I knew my own family. After one of the sons had grown up, he lived for a year or two in another town, and I later met a man from that other town. He learned that I knew Charley, this boyhood friend. I was amazed to hear this stranger say, "Why, Charley's folks lived next to mine all their lives; I played with Charley as a boy." The man was mistaken absolutely. Nothing I could say would convince him of his error! I repeat that Braine, Vroon and other Black Hundred members may have cherished some such fallacy about the real identity of Hargreave and Jones. Under this cloak of *their* misinformation that *they* "took for granted," Hargreave may have been able to foil and thwart the Black Hundred all these years.

Let us not overlook what led up to the appearance of Norton and Jones (or Hargreave) at the Black Hundred rendezvous. It was the *box*. This shows that the Hargreave interests were being kept *advised* of the *inner workings* of the Black Hundred. It does not necessarily prove that the "elusive treasure-chest" contained anything of great value, because *did* it hold a treasure, Jones and Hargreave were unpardonably foolhardy for ever tossing it into the water to begin with! If it were a *blind*, if its purpose was to *keep the spies away* from the Hargreave mansion, where the million dollars was likely hidden, then it was *important* that the Black Hundred *never* be permitted to *open* it! So long as they could be kept busy *chasing* the box, that long would they attach great importance to it. We can judge what persons *will* do only by knowing what they *have* done. Jones, Norton and Hargreave have met situations with *fearlessness* as well as foresight—as much foresight as mortals could well have. It seems unlikely that they would entrust a million dollars (or any other valuable thing) to the "treasure-chest!" It does not fit in with their usual mental balance.

You will recall that previous to this I directed your attention to the fact that when Jones (or Hargreave, for their identities seem *interchangeable!*) tossed the box into the water in that stirring motor-boat scene, *there was no wire or rope* on the chest! When it came up on the anchor, there *was* a rope or wire around it! In Mr. MacGrath's newspaper story he has the mysterious person tell Jim Norton that the box *shifted* its position—*moved from* where Jones had dropped it. We may conclude that somebody *tampered* with the chest. Maybe there was a *substitution*. Perhaps some diver went into the water and brought the box to the surface and dropped another in its place; or maybe a diver *fastened* it to the anchor of the ship to start a new train of incidents following after it.

Whatever the answer, it is unreasonable to believe that the treasure-chest is of more im-

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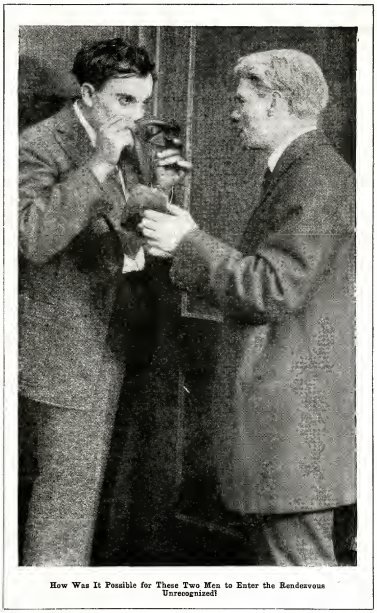


How Was It Possible for These Two Men to Enter the Rendezvous Unrecognized?

He Vanished into the Hold Clutching the Treasure Chest. The Elusive Treasure Chest May be More Important Than It Seems to Be

Felicia of the Films

The Letters of a Would-be Movie Star

Chicago, August 9, 1914.

DEAR BETTY:

Tomorrow I'm going to be in a moving picture.

How's that for news?

Not next month nor next year, but to-morrow. It seems as if my dreams are really coming true. It's just two weeks since I left Danville.

Remember how, when you used to come over, we'd sit on the side porch in the hammock and talk about life and what we'd like to do? And I always said "I want to be a movie actress." Of course I'm not a real actress, yet, but I'm to be in a cafe scene tomorrow and then—well, you just wait.

Here's how it happened. I said I'd write everything. I got to Chicago all safe and hot and dirty. Nothing happened on the way except a fat drummer tried to start a flirtation—but, well, if I had wanted to flirt with cheap drummers I could have found them around the Commercial House in Danville, so I looked out of the window and read a magazine.

I went to the Y. W. C. A. as soon as the train got in. I'm still staying there. There's something about a Y. W that sounds safe and friendly. They didn't put out any welcome banners for me, though, nor hurt themselves being cordial. I asked for a room. A stern faced woman looked me over until I wanted to tell her that I knew my hat hadn't any style and my suit was last year's.

"What are you going to do in the city?" she asked, "Study?"

I found out later that they seem to prefer music and art students to mere working girls but I answered truthfully.

"I'm going to try to get a position." If I'd have added, "I want to be a movie actress," she'd have fallen in a faint, I know, so I saved her that.

"We haven't a room left," she said and turned away.

"I've got to stay some place," I told her, rather desperately. "You know I don't know a soul in Chicago and the only times I've ever been here have been with father and then he'd look after me." I felt lost and frightened and forgot I was nearly twenty.

She waited a minute and then said, crossly, "All right, you can have the traveler's room. Temporary. Two dollars." That's high, I think, don't you? I paid in advance.

Next day I got a regular room at seven dollars per week. I left home with fifty dollars, but I know I'll make good before that's gone.

I have a roommate. She is a pale, listless girl who came to the city to find out about Art. She hasn't found out much, yet. But she is nice and friendly and told me all about her family. She has a younger sister, and her dog named Princie who can stand on his hind legs. Home-y little things like that sound good when you are alone in a big city.

The day after I arrived I went to a drug store and in a telephone directory that made the Danville one look like a week's laundry list, I found the moving picture companies under "Films." There were a lot of them. "With that many in town," I thought in my sweet Danville simplicity, "they must actually be crying for new actresses." I know better—now.

I called up the first one.

"Do you need a moving picture actress?" I asked. There was a pause. "Getting ready to send a taxi for me," thought I. Then a voice said, "We're only agents here. We have no studio in Chicago." Wasn't that an awful answer. I tried again. I spent nine nickels ringing up, chosing companies where we knew the plays, like Vitagraph, Edison and Lubin. And always some one told me that they were only agents or business offices. Then I rang up a company whose pictures we both like a lot. Instead of "No studio here" came another answer, not one to make a want-to-be-actress greatly enthusiastic but the first answer I had had that wasn't absolutely hopeless.—"We are not engaging actresses. We have all we need at present." They really took pictures there. It *was* a studio. *Sometimes* they would need *someone*. I felt as encouraged as if I had been engaged.

I spent the day looking through the shops and wanting, wanting, wanting the lovely things I saw. I never have had any pretty things. The next day I went out to the studio. After much inquiring and several false starts, I got there. It's a great big building, looks like a factory from the front and is on a quiet, peaceful, pretty residence street.

A small flight of stairs leads to the office. I was frightened when I climbed them. So much seemed to depend on my visit there. Inside, there was a reception room, with benches and chairs around the walls and a long corridor leading out of it. About a dozen men and girls were sitting around the room. I sat down, too. After half an hour's waiting a man came out and spoke to one of the men. Then, together they went down the long corridor. The rest left. They were "extras" I found out later. So here is information for you: An extra is a person hired to be in a movie crowd. You know the pictures where there are dancers and society people and business men and country folks? They are the extras. All they do is to walk across the picture and fill in. They work by the day and get three dollars and a quarter each day. That's what I'm going to be, tomorrow.

After the extras had left I asked the telephone girl how I could get to be an actress. She said not a word but pointed to a sign which said that all positions were filled. I didn't know what to do. I wanted a position awfully bad and I didn't want to go back to Danville. I stood there, waiting. I guess maybe there were tears in my eyes. A small, shabby man came down the corridor. He spoke to me.

"Trying to get in?" he asked.

"Yes," I told him.

"Well, don't get discouraged," he said, "just hang around."

"Hang around here?"

"Come every day. Be here at nine. That's usually when they choose the extras. You'll get your chance if you'll only stick to it. Come every day. Why Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse started as extras. Now look at them."

Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse! Remember how we always admired them? And they started just as I'm doing. I felt cheered up a lot.

"Are you an actor?" I asked him. He smiled.

"Yes, a sort of an actor. I've been on the stage for thirty years, mostly with road shows. I'm doing small character parts here. I wish I could help you, but just don't you get discouraged." He smiled at me, as he left. I liked him. He's the shabbiest man I've seen around here—and the kindest.

That was pretty nearly two weeks ago. I've been here every day since, except Sunday and one day that I had a headache. Every day the extras come and sit around. Every day a man, one of the directors, choses a few of them and the rest go away. The extras are interesting to watch, though. Most of the girls are so pretty that I feel quite conceited for even thinking of trying to get in. They dress in lovely clothes, some a little too elaborate and wear a lot of jewelry. Most of them live near the

"All Right, You Can Have the Traveller's Room. Temporary, Two Dollars"

EDITOR'S Note:— Thousands of girls all over the United States envy the movie heroines they see nightly on the screen and wish that they could become movie actresses. The film companies are besieged with young women who beg for a chance to "break into the movies." It is true that a few of the well-known stars began as "extras" and have risen to the top, but it is due solely to their ability and to opportunities which they saw and grasped.

Two months ago a girl with such an ambition came to Chicago from a small town in central Illinois where she had always lived. Finally she obtained work as an "extra" with a film company and her experiences are similar to those that have befallen scores of girls who have tried to become movie stars. She wrote long letters to her chum in her home town telling of her experiences and THE MOVIE PICTORIAL has been fortunate in obtaining permission to publish these letters—the first two of which appear in this issue.

studio, I've found out. The men dress like the "dudes" in the funny papers and are too "smarty." I hope the real movie actors aren't like that.

Until today, the director never noticed me. Today he noticed everyone. He looked at us all and said: "Big cafe scene tomorrow—all of you come for it." So that means me, too. I'm to have my chance, a little one, but I'll show them what I can do.

I'll write again, after I've been in a real picture.

Felicia.

Chicago, 8-17-1914.

Betty Dear:

If you had been in two moving pictures and had earned six dollars and a half, wouldn't you be excited?

A Girl Helped Me to Put a Black Line Under and Over My Eyes and to Redden My Lips

Remember, I wrote you about the cafe scene?

That was two weeks ago. I was there before nine that day. There were over fifty other extras there, too. I was so excited I could hardly breathe. We were taken down the long corridor into a dressing room. It is as big as an ordinary room, with a shelf running all around it. Small, white-framed mirrors are hung around the walls. The "regular" extras keep their make-up material there. The stars, of course, have private dressing-rooms. I believe they are on the second floor. A girl helped me to put a black line under and over my eyes and to redden my lips. That's all the make-up that even the principals use, unless they want to put on a "character" make-up. It's less than lots of people put on, on the street.

The girls laughed and giggled as we waited. One girl said "I don't have to do this. I just do it for the experience." Another answered her, "I don't care, either, if I get in this picture or not. I'm an actress and this is my vacation." But they both seemed anxious, when, after "the minute" dragged out to one hour and then to two, a director came to tell us to get out on the floor. I followed the herd, meekly, down another long hall. And then—I was in a real movie studio, which was all "set" for a picture!

It was a big room, lit with a horrible blue light that made even the loveliest complexion look purple and blotched and ghastly. I've learned since, that all indoor scenes are taken under that awful light. It's the kind of light they used to take post-cards under at night, in that little place on Main Street. The scene was already set for a cafe, a regular stage setting in the background. There were lots of small tables, each holding a bouquet of flowers, and correctly set for dinner. The table cloths and napkins were all yellow. I asked one of the girls why that was and she said that white makes a blur in pictures. Even dresses of pale shades are preferred to white. I'm learning fast.

The director looked us over and compared us to a list he had in his hand. He picked out some of the extras and placed them at the tables. He didn't choose me. A short, square-shouldered man, with lots of dark hair came up to help him. He looked at me. I guess I was pretty forlorn looking, in my Danville clothes.

"In this picture?" he asked.

"Wish I were," I answered and because he smiled, I smiled at him. I didn't like his looks at first. You know I always judge people by first impressions, and I felt that I couldn't trust him. Guess I was mistaken, for he's been awfully kind to me. His name is Carl Webber and he's an assistant director.

"Name on the list?" He talks in short, jerky sentences.

"No, they haven't my name at all."

He raised his eyebrows, then smiled. He asked me how long I'd been coming to the studio. Then he spoke to the director. They talked for about a minute. The director nodded. Mr. Webber motioned for me to sit at a table in the rear where there were two extras already seated. I sat down. A few more extras were given places. Those that were left stood about disconsolately. I felt sorry for them, but a bit superior, now that I was "in." A person always gets that feeling, I guess.

Then the principals came in. They were the first real movie actors I had ever seen. They looked nice and human and not at all arrogant or flashy or "smarty." The only one I recognized was Bryant Washburn. He looks just like he did on the screen.

They went through their scene. Remember how we always wondered what they said when they talked to one another? Well, they say real sentences, just as if the scene were the real thing, not foolish things like some think they do. The sentences aren't stiff, learnt-by-heart ones, like in other plays but just the natural things that people would say to one another in real life.

When their work was satisfactory, we got our directions. "Act natural," said the director. "Don't stare at everything. Don't any of you dare look at the camera. Just be yourselves. Give an order to a waiter when he comes to your table. He'll bring you food. Then eat it, that's all. Try to act as if you're accustomed to something. Try it now."

We all ordered and chatted and smiled.

"Too much acting," he yelled. "Try it again."

So we ate and ordered and talked again. There was real food—lettuce and pickles, arranged to look like salad, and bread and butter and a few real club sandwiches.

"Don't eat up all the food," called the director. "Keep it for the pictures. Once more now." This time we did better, I guess. He growled, "All right."

A man with a camera came in front of the scene. The principals came on and went through their little scene. The camera man started to grind a little handle at the side of the camera. I wanted to look at him but I didn't dare. There's something that makes you want to look right into the camera. The grinding went on, regularly and slowly. I ordered food from an extra, dressed as a waiter, got it, ate slowly, talked to the girl and man at my table. The grinding stopped. "All over," called the director.

I had been in a picture!

Going out, Mr. Webber stopped me.

"You never applied for a position, did you?" he asked.

"I asked the telephone girl, that's all."

"You certainly are new here. You've got to do more than that. Come on, I'll show you." He smiled and put his hand on my shoulder. I didn't like his hand there but I couldn't object, after he had been so kind to a little nobody like me. He took me up a flight of stairs, down a hall, into an office. A stern, solemn-looking man was seated at a big desk. My, but I was scared.

"This little girl would like to be an actress," said Mr. Webber. "Take her name, won't you?" Then he left.

"Be seated," said the man, who had piercing black eyes. I minded him. I think I'd have obeyed if he'd told me to jump over a desk.

"You wish to apply for a position?" I nodded.

He looked at me critically, solemnly, as if I were a puppy, a rather poor one, at a kennel show.

"Ever had any experience on the stage?" I had to say "No" to that.

"Ever posed any?"

I told him about the pictures Martin's took of me for their show window. It sounded conceited but I have a good profile, you know, and I was afraid he wouldn't notice. He sees so many people. Then he asked a few more questions, took my name and address, told me to send in a picture of myself and that when he needed me he'd let me know.

I waited at home for a few days, but no message came. Then I started going back every morning but no one paid any more attention to me than if I hadn't applied. Then, Thursday, Mr. Webber passed through the waiting room.

"I'll use you this afternoon," he said. When afternoon came, my name was called. I was in my second picture. This time the scene was an intelligence office and all I did was to sit in the office. But after it was over I received three dollars and a quarter.

Since then, I've been in no other pictures. I've changed my room. No, I haven't the Royal Suite at the Blackstone. Seven dollars at the Y. W. seemed pretty big and it meant long car-rides, too. I have a fine little room, quite small but rather pretty, in the home of an old lady. It's in a big apartment building, just four blocks from the "plant"—that's another official word. I pay just two dollars and a half for it and eat at lunch rooms. It's not a cheerful way to live and the evenings seem longer all the time—but—when I'm a real actress, maybe I won't have to stay here.

I hope I'll be in some more pictures, soon. My money is getting pretty low. Sometimes, I almost wish I were back in Danville, with father and father's wife, who tries to be kind, even if she is only a "step," and you only a block away. It isn't easy, trying to get in. I wish that all the girls who wanted to be movie actresses would realize what a job it is trying to be one. When I see all of the extras, some of them beautiful, who appear each day, wait patiently to be called, and then go away again, it seems hopeless. My money is getting pretty low but I won't write to father for more.

Mr. Webber took me to dinner last night! He asked me to go while I was waiting in the morning to see if they could use me. For some reason, I don't know why, I wanted to refuse him. But I didn't. I was lonesome and blue and it seemed good to know that some one cared—a little. It's through him that I've been in the two pictures and he says that he'll try to arrange for me to be in more of them.

Write me all of the news from home. A letter post marked "Danville" is mighty welcome, these days.

Felicia.

JAPAN BREAKS INTO THE WAR

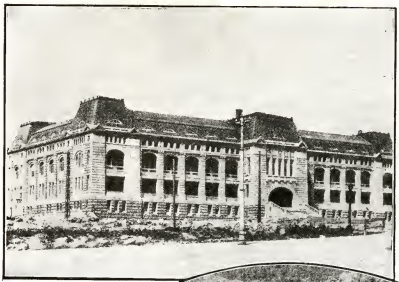


Photo by International News Service

A Government Building at Kiau-Chou, the German Stronghold in China, Which the Japanese are Attacking on Land and on Sea

Photo by International News Service

A General View of the City of Tsing-Tau, the Principal City of the German Colony

© *Underwood & Underwood*

The Japanese Believe in Being Well Entrenched When Attacking a Strongly Fortified City and Spend Much Time and Labor in Constructing Breastworks for their Infantry and for their Siege Guns

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The Mikado of Japan Dislikes to Be Photographed and this is One of the Few Pictures in Existence of Him

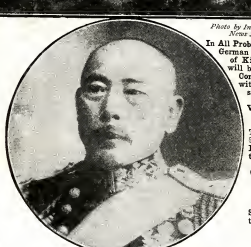


Photo by International News Service

In All Probability the German Defenders of Kiau-Chou will be Able to Communicate with the Outside World Up to the Very Last, As a Wireless Telegraph Station is Located on the Highest Hill Overlooking the City of Tsing-Tau, as Shown in the Above Photograph

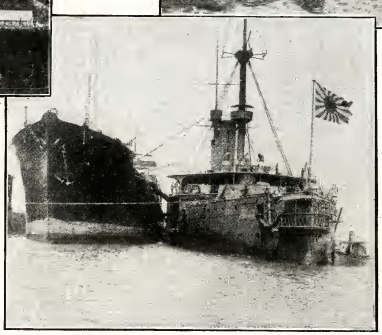


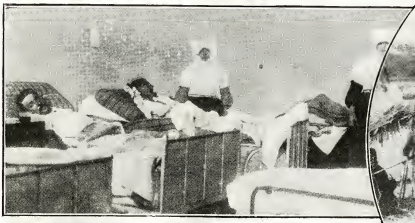
Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The Japanese Cruiser "Idzumo" Which has been Playing Hide and Seek with Two British Cruisers has been Searching for the German Cruisers "Leipzig" and "Nurnberg" Off Our Pacific Coast. The Above Photograph Shows the Japanese Vessel Coaling at San Diego, Cal.

Photo by International News Service

Admiral Kaminurs, Commander of Japanese Troops, is Attacking Kiau-Chou. He Has Received Orders from His Emperor to Capture the German Stronghold at Any Cost

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM WAR RIDDEN BELGIUM



© Underwood & Underwood

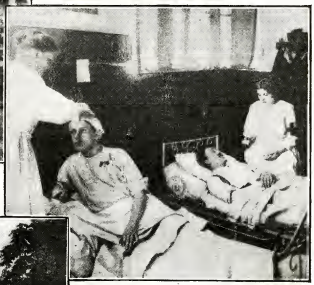
Belgian Sisters and Wounded Germans to Whom They are Ministering

© Underwood & Underwood

The Regiment of Belgian Lancers in a Temporary Camp Hurriedly Pitched Under Hedgerows and Well Screened from the Enemies' Aeroplane Scouts

© International News Service

Belgian Troops Constructing Entrenchments with Barbed Wire Fences to Check the Germans Advancing on Haslem



© International News Service

Wounded Belgian Soldiers in a Hospital at Brussels before the Latter was Occupied by the Germans

Photo by International News Service

The Belgian Boy Scouts are Making Themselves Useful During the Invasion of Their Country by the Germans. This Photo Shows Some of the Youngsters on Duty at the War Office in Antwerp

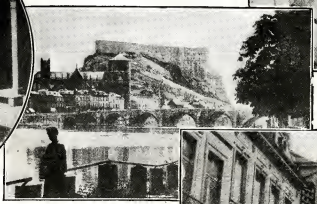


Photo by International News Service

The Citadel at Huy, Belgium, Which was Attacked and Captured by the Center of the German Army Which was Marching on Paris

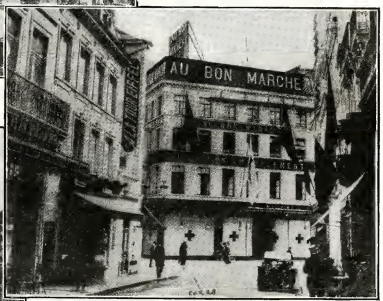


Photo by International News Service

Scores of Shops in Brussels Which Also Turned into Military Hospitals to Receive the Thousands of Wounded from the Battle Fields of Liege, Namur, and Louvain

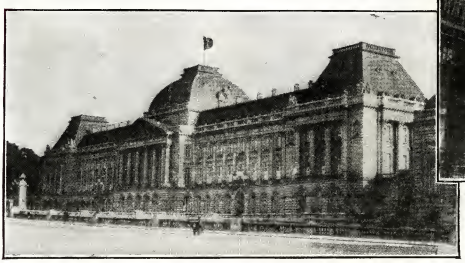


Photo by International News Service

The Royal Palace at Brussels after It had been Converted into a Hospital on the Orders of King Albert. Notice the Red Cross Emblems on Each Window and the Flags at Each End of the Structure

Photos From the Firing Lines

Scenes on the Battle-fields of the World's Greatest War

© International News Service

French Troops on the German Frontier in Alsace Firing at the Enemy at a 3000 Yard Range

© Underwood & Underwood

A Regiment of French Mountaineers and Alpine Guides, the Best Trained and Hardiest Troops of France, on Their Way to Reinforce the Battle Line of the Allies in Belgium

© International News Service

A German Transport Camp near Liege. This Picture Illustrates the General Disorder of the German Camp Which has Led to a Great Shortage of Food for the Germans

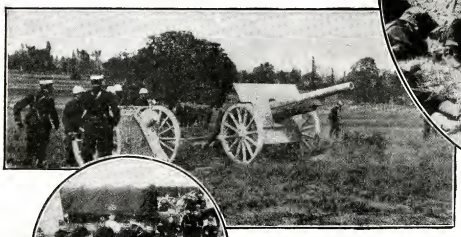


Photo by International News Service

The French Wrought Havoc in the Closely Formed German Lines with Their Three-Inch Siege Guns. These are Equipped with a Pneumatic Recoil and are Fired with Great Rapidity

© International News Service

Belgian Infantry Awaiting Orders at One of the Alpine Camps Established to Prevent the Germans from Executing a Flanking Movement

© International News Service

A Scene in a German Camp near Vise Showing the Men Resting after a Two-Day Battle

© International News Service

French Troops Firing from Their Entrenchments on the France-German Frontier. No Regular Order for Firing is Given for Such Long Range Work. Each Man Picking Out His Objective Point and Firing at Will

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS

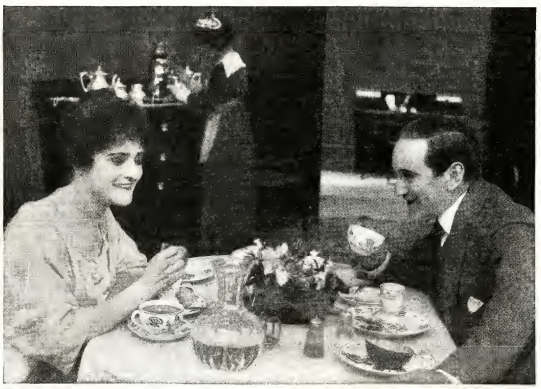
By VIVIAN BARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE VITAGRAPH FILM SCENARIO BY MRS. BLANCHE OAKESHOTT

WHEN the Nortons got married the usual predictions were freely indulged in by their friends. That does not mean that every married couple draws the same sort of predictions at the outset, but simply that some predictions are made about each one. Generally speaking, they fall into two classes, these predictions by friends and relatives and acquaintances. The type of one class is: "I'll give them six months, or a year, or two years (as the case may be) before they're divorced!" And the type of the other is: "Well, there's one couple that's going to be happy!"

In the case of the Nortons there were doubts—with the result that some people thought they would break up in a year or so and that others looked for an ideal sort of happiness. In fact, they were, psychologically, a pretty interesting couple. It wasn't surprising that people should differ about the result of their marriage, nor that the probable outcome of their union should be a matter for discussion in the quiet suburb where they lived. Quiet? Well—it was, in a way. It didn't tolerate noise in the streets. Motor trucks didn't profane it. Street arabs didn't exist. But in other ways it wasn't so quiet. Socially, it was a mighty lively sort of suburb. There was a good deal of money; an address in that particular suburb almost implied, not, perhaps, wealth, but certainly comfortable means.

The social life of the place was just about what social life in a community with plenty of money and in touch with a metropolis is likely to be. There were a good many swift motors; there was a lot of dancing. Each season had its fair share of minor scandals; usually, too, there would be at least one big one, a divorce, or something of the sort. Not that there was any saturnalia going on; nothing of the sort. But the people weren't dead.



She Took a Child's Delight in Their Early Morning Breakfasts but Outwardly She Was Still the Same Lillian

Lillian Haynes, as she was before she and Norton were married, was at least well in the centre of this life in the days of her spinsterhood. Not that the breath of scandal had ever touched her. She wasn't that sort of girl at all. Indeed, men rather passed her by. Perhaps it was because she was so gloriously indifferent to them, as men. They liked her; oh, there was no doubt about that! She had more attention, in one way, than any girl in the place. But it was because she played such a slashing game of tennis; because she knew how to sit a polo pony and how to swing her mallet; because she could ride all day and dance all night, that they flocked to her. As for love—well, they confided in her. She was that sort of girl, which ought to put her rather vividly before you. For the rest, she was pretty enough, with plenty of dark hair, and the lithe, slim form of the girl who has hardened herself by living and playing out of doors. Some men called her a good fellow, too. Certainly she knew men pretty well, and liked them without getting at all sentimental about them.

She fitted well into the place, you see. She loved it, too. She loved every phase of the life it offered her. And, as for getting married, she probably thought very little of it. Until—but that is to anticipate.

Harry Norton, on the other hand, wasn't really of the place at all, except by birth and residence. For one thing, his father had broken the precedent of that suburb by losing all his money. The sensible thing for the Norton family, when the elder Norton died, practically penniless, would have been to sell their place and their rights as citizens of the suburb, and move away to some cheaper place. But that didn't accord with the Norton family tradition. So Harry, when all the youngsters he had grown up with went to college, went to work instead. He didn't have time to play, you see. For there was a mortgage, necessarily, on the family place, and interest payments had to be met regularly every year.

His job was to meet them, and keep the home going. Which he did, rather magnificently. All the heroes don't wear uniforms. But the job took a heavy toll of his youth. He never learned to play tennis; when he finally took up golf he wasn't young enough to get the virus acutely. But he made money! Lord—how he did make money! He seemed to have the Midas touch. He didn't, of course; no one has. What he did have was an indomitable will, and the ability, when the need arose, to work twenty-four hours a day or so, and to concentrate utterly on the work in hand. He was on the way to being a rich man at twenty-five; by the time he had passed his thirtieth birthday he was holding mortgages instead of paying them off, and he had more money than his father had lost.

And right then the suburb, or inherited instincts, or something like that, cropped out. He didn't quit work, by any means, but he eased up, as so few Americans who have been caught in the net of big business are ever able to do. And right about that time he met Lillian.

Met her, I say, but, of course, he'd known her, in a way, for years. He could remember her as a kid, toddling about; as a hoyden with long legs and flying hair. Lillian, moderately grown up, was a novelty, however. He amused her, at first. Then she got sorry for this man in a land of play who didn't know the rules. She taught him to one-step. And she went out and played golf with him. And, in some occult fashion, he fascinated her. It was a long time, really, before any thought of sex entered into her relations with him. That idea had never come to her before, you see, and she was essentially of the Diana type. As soon as she thought of him as a possible husband, she turned shy—and that was all he needed.

He'd known girls before. He'd been dragged to call on a few of them; a few others, next door neighbors, and that sort, he knew quite well. But most of these were married, and when he dropped in he played with their children. He'd never thought of getting married before; he probably didn't think of it now until Lillian developed that fit of shyness, and, metaphorically, ran from him. But then he was the hunter, with his usual determination.

And of all girls for him to choose! That was what the suburb said, you see. It might have seemed more natural, of course, if he'd chosen one of the few rather quiet and domesticated girls. But it wouldn't have been natural at all, as a matter of fact. The play instinct was in him, right enough. It had been dormant, but of necessity suppressed. At bottom he ran true to type. He had simply been big enough to overcome his instincts and to attend to the job that circumstances had forced upon him. And so, in a way, like was calling to like, beneath the surface. Lillian didn't run far—or very fast. So they were married—and you can understand, perhaps, the predictions. The ones who looked for underlying forces in Norton; the others didn't, and figured that Lillian, with her wild desire to play, to be amused, would drive him mad. He would want a settled down, domesticated girl. And they could hardly see Lillian playing that part.

But how wrong they were—both of them! Both factions, that is. At first, those who bet on happiness were right, or seemed to be. Lillian was pretty exclusively occupied with Norton, to be sure. But that was to be expected. He was something like a new toy. She loved to pour his coffee for him, for instance. They took a childish delight in their early breakfast. But, outwardly, she was still the same Lillian. When he was in town he played as hard as ever. And rather often he would come out early and play with her, after the fashion of the husbands of the suburb.

Until the first baby came. That was the one thing none of the prophets had reckoned on. They hadn't seen the chance of that. They hadn't allowed for the chance that motherhood was going to make in Lillian. Lillian as a mother hadn't fitted in the picture at all, somehow. Perhaps they had not expected her to refuse to have children; certainly they had thought, if they thought of it at all, that she would not be bothered much by them, after happiness recognized the underlying forces in Norton; the others didn't, and figured that Lillian, with her wild desire to play, to be amused, would drive him mad. He would want a settled down, domesticated girl. And they could hardly see Lillian playing that part.

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they once came. There was money enough; she could have all the nurses that were necessary. She wouldn't have to concern herself a bit after she had accomplished the task of bringing a baby into the world. But—that was not Lillian's idea. She was mad with jealousy whenever anyone else tried to do anything for the baby.

And from the time of its birth the old Lillian vanished. She had been proud of her appearance. That seemed to be over. She thought only of the child. And she no longer played. She had no time for that. The baby demanded all her care, all her time.

Those who noticed any then felt that this was only a passing phase. The old Lillian would return. And Norton himself, a little puzzled, a little bothered, shared that view. At first, of course, he was delighted. Like Lillian, he was fascinated by the baby. But the fascination wore off, in time. He wanted his wife, the playmate she had come to be. She had taught him to enjoy life, and he needed her. But that need was one she now utterly refused to recognize. It was nothing to her, compared to the call of the child.

Norton didn't exactly complain. But there were older married men who understood without the need of words on his part.

"The first child," they said, sagely. "Wait till she has another. It won't be so much of a novelty then."

That sounded well. But the second child made no difference, or, if it did, only increased Lillian's detachment from her husband, her absorption in her children. And the worst of it was that Norton could hardly complain. A man can't reproach his wife for being a good mother! But, of course, Lillian carried the thing to excess. There was bound to be trouble as a result.

And the change she had worked in Norton was what caused the trouble. He was no longer self contained. By that I mean that he had become far more dependent, not only upon her, but on all sorts of outside things. He had to be amused; he had to play. And when Lillian showed herself too busy to play with him he took his needs elsewhere.

And he had to pay, now, for the absorption in business that had cut him off from the generation with which he had begun to grow up. He was a duffer at a great many things in which they excelled; he couldn't travel at their pace. So, naturally, he took his needs elsewhere. And, because he had done so little of that sort of thing, he didn't go to the right market. He found himself very welcome among a crowd that rather crowded the speed limit. The suburb wasn't swift enough for them. He joined a new club, in town, that was pretty lively. And so—enter Carmela, who danced for a living. And she was a good sort; a mighty good sort, in her own way. Her way wasn't the way of Lillian, quite naturally. She had danced, or done things to amuse the public, in one way or another, since her third year. She never knew who her father was; there were those who said that her mother shared her ignorance. And—well, Carmela didn't regard all things from the point of view of Lillian and her crowd, which, while it was by no means the point of view of Mrs. Grundy, was still a respectable sort of one. She wasn't dissipated; not Carmela. She was a dancer, and a successful one. And no one who knows anything can fail to realize that a dissipated dancer lasts about as long as a dissipated baseball player.

But Carmela had her periods of rest, of course.

And however she chose to pass them struck her as her own affair. Perhaps she did things that were wrong; perhaps she didn't. Certainly she never troubled herself about appearances. If she liked a man she saw him when and where she chose. Rules were not for her, she used to say. Also, she took anything he chose to give her, if it pleased her, and—let this be put down to her credit—if he could afford the gift. It might be a novel; it might be a diamond necklace. Carmela really couldn't see the difference. And, after all, it is only one of degree.

Norton saw her first at a club smoker, at which she danced. The club was made up of rich men; otherwise it couldn't have paid Carmela's price. And, when the show was over, he met her. Also, he took her to supper. Naturally it didn't stop there. A woman was a woman to him, whatever she did, and to be treated with respect. And I suppose that to Carmela there was something wonderfully appealing about his manner. He treated her exactly as he would have treated his wife's friends. At least—it began that way. That didn't last, of course.

She was something utterly new in his experience. She dazzled him and delighted him. For one thing, she always looked so perfect. Her clothes were the best there were; she wore them, too, as few women know how to wear clothes. Lillian had trained him to appreciate that sort of thing. Before he had known her he had never paid much attention to how women looked. But Lillian had changed all that, and then, with the coming of the children, had deliberately given up caring how she looked.

Of course, it was all wrong. Morally, neither he nor Carmela had a leg to stand on. But—facts are stubborn things. And it was a condition, not a theory, that Lillian confronted, when she finally woke up, several weeks later than anyone else, to the true state of affairs. At first she was shocked. Then she was furiously angry. And then she was tremendously surprised—and hurt. For two or three days she forgot the babies and neglected them shamefully, while she raged, and wondered what she should do. Jealous—of course she was jealous. And it woke her up to be jealous. She realized that she had been letting Norton go—and that, after all, he counted for more than anything else in her life.

She loved the children as much as ever. But it wasn't the same, fierce, tearing sort of love, after all! She had a habit of direct thinking, or she had had it, before the children came, and every thing like thought had been subordinated to blind instinct. And now she resumed it. What was she going to do? That was the whole question. And she went straight to the core of it. The answer was that she was going to get Norton back. She wanted him. He was her man, and she didn't care what he'd done! She had got him once, and she was plucky enough to face the fact that she had reached out and taken him too, as a woman, in nine cases out of ten, does reach out and take the man she wants. And she rather thought she could

PICTURES

The motion picture business has played hob with the legitimate theatre. This is generally acknowledged.

But even if it were not so generally acknowledged, the fact that the theatre magnates have lately gone into the production of movies so extensively is proof of the statement.

The reason?

It is that the moving picture theatre makes a low admission price possible. This in turn increases the number of admissions.

And this in turn decreases the attendance at the home of the two-dollar seat and the ticket scalper.

The theatre-going public is a small one on the per day basis, because not everybody can afford two-dollar seats—and the accessories—more than about once in a fortnight.

Whereas, the motion picture public is tremendously large on the per day basis, because there are few who cannot afford a nickel or a dime almost every evening.

The motion picture public, therefore, has absorbed the theatre public, as it were, until now, in current phrase, everybody is crazy about moving pictures.

The pendulum has swung to the extreme.

But it is about to start back.

And when it gets back it is going to carry with it a large public which will have been educated to an appreciation of the legitimate theatre through its love for and attendance at the moving picture theatre.

In other words, picture theatres are slowly but surely creating a new theatre public.

And the producer who survives the shiftings of the amusement pendulum will be the wise Colossus of Rhodes who stands with one foot on the "legit" and the other on the movies.

Norton First Saw Her at a Club Smoker at Which She Danced

reach out and get him back now, when it came to that!

What she didn't realize was that she had become—dowdy. She hadn't taken the time to buy new clothes for months and months. About the house she wore anything at all. And, in the street, she wasn't much better. Not realizing this made her all the angrier. And her anger, naturally, was directed at Carmela. So, characteristically enough, she sent for the dancer to come to see her, in an emperious little note.

Carmela, receiving it, laughed, at first, until the tears came. And then she surprised herself by going, ravishly dressed. When she saw Lillian, in one of those nondescript things women wear for house cleaning, she laughed to herself.

"Look at Yourself in the Glass! . . . Now Come and Let Me See Your Clothes"

"You sent for me, madame?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," said Lillian, directly. "You've got my husband. And I want him back, please!"

Carmela laughed. Laughed wholesouledly, delightedly.

"You want him!" she said. "*You!* Look at yourself in the glass! And tell me why you should have him?"

It was like a dash of ice water. Lillian looked at herself; then she gasped.

"My soul!" she said. "Do you know? I never thought of that!"

Something passed between those two.

"I don't want him!" said Carmela, magnificently. "And—do you know why? Because he doesn't want me—he never did! Not the real me—there is one! Come—let me see your clothes!"

"You mean?" said Lillian. She was amazingly attracted by this woman! She began to understand. . . .

"I shall take you in hand," said Carmela.

And she did. To meet surprises in the process. The instinct of dress wasn't dead in Lillian; it was only dormant. They worked wonders between them. They made year old dresses look up to date. And Carmela played maid. Just in time she went away.

"By Jove!" said Norton, when he came home. "By Jove!"

He drew a deep breath. And she blushed when he kissed her. It wasn't a married kiss, at all.

(*The feature story for next week will be "The Aztec Treasure."*

Kid Gloves to Register Emotion

DID you ever give thought to the possible—nay, probable—trials and tribulations of the actor who has to play a "mystery" part in a film serial? Not one of those rough and tumble, Desperate Desmond parts, either, though he does have to prove himself—right before the camera, too—pretty active with his fists, but a refined, well groomed man of the world type of a "mysterious" person.

Take it from one who knows, "It's no cinch!"

The one who knows is Edward Brennan, the man of mystery in "Our Mutual Girl" fifty-two weeks a year serial. There are few things Brennan hasn't done in his active thirty-eight years of life. He has practiced criminal law on the Pacific coast, he was a soldier, both of arms and fortune, in Porto Rico and in South Africa; he was a member of President Roosevelt's board that arbitrated the friar land dispute in the Philippines, and he is an actor.

"Here's the difficulty of this mystery business," Brennan said recently: "If a man who has to play such a part could utilize the conventional 'drop them papers or you're a dead man' kind of stuff it would be easy. But when you have to maintain dignity and poise, be at once a man under suspicion of underworld connections and prove you have Fifth avenue acquaintanceships and clothes—it's a regular job.

"I found out early in my experience in 'Our Mutual Girl' that I could not use the usual tricks of eyebrow or supercilious smile or foot tapping that for years have been good form on stage and screen. After I had seen myself play my part—that is, when I saw a film in which I had acted projected on the screen—I realized I should have to adopt a new method of getting to the spectators in the theatre the role I was playing.

"It bothered me for awhile. I don't mind telling you, now that I've made a success of the thing, that it got my nerve good and hard at first, and then one night over a dinner table I worked it out.

"An old soldier friend of mine from the islands and I were chinning through dinner of the days of the big hike in Samar, and as we reminisced we spoke of an assistant inspector general who was a martinet. We always could tell whether he would pass our commands with a credit mark by the way he worked his fingers up and down in his lisle thread gloves. Those gloves were eloquent once you got to know their cabalistic meaning, and as my friend and I joked over this chap the inspiration came to me.

"For, whether it be warm weather or cold, the Fifth avenue man wears gloves for a formal call. I had frequently to call at Mrs. Knickerbocker's house—she's Our Mutual Girl's aunt, you know—and always I had my gloves, sometimes kid, sometimes suede, sometimes chamois.

"And, taking a lesson from my old inspector general, I learned how to twist those gloves in my fingers to show tenseness or to slap my thigh gently with them to show satisfaction with the way things were running or to remove them slowly and in quasi fits and starts to show doubt and hesitation.

Edward Brennan

"I learned that if there are ninety odd emotions I could 'register' about one more than that number with my gloves. It has been an invaluable lesson to me in my film work. Because if a pair of gloves can be made as eloquent as mine have become on the screen, there is a splendid field for utilizing other parts of one's garb for a similar purpose."

"Oh, you mean a wilted collar to show you've been under the lights?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes," came the lightning fast answer, "or a pair of pointed shoes to show a man the way out."

If that retort makes Brennan seem even the least bit discourteous he is guilty of libel on himself. A more generous, easy going, quiet and unassuming chap doesn't breathe than this man of mystery. In filmland he may be "mysterious," but in the ways of the world he is as frank, as unspoiled and as ingenious as a lawyer with his first case.

Why Not Insure Them?

HOW much is a moving picture actor worth?

This question was raised by Manager Cullison of the Eclair company recently, when, after much mental calculation he refused to permit Norbert A. Myles, one of the company's leading men, to participate in the automobile race at the Prescott Pioneer Days celebration. Myles had anticipated entering the races as mechanician to Charles Hunt, also an Eclair player, who drove Harold Steinfeld's Stutz car in the meet.

"You see," said Cullison, in explanation of his attitude, "Mr. Myles is now playing a leading part in six different scenarios which we are producing, and if anything should happen to permanently incapacitate him, the pictures would be ruined. At an average cost of production of $1200 for each reel of pictures, this would mean no small loss to the Eclair company."

According to Manager Cullison's figures Eclair players would be worth in the neighborhood of $7000 each to the company—a total of considerably more than $200,000 for the troupe; and the Eclair organization should prove a fertile field for the invasion of a liability insurance man who will estimate the risk incurred by picture players, and write an insurance policy guaranteeing that player will finish the pictures in which he has been assigned a part.

"Post No Bills"

An Edison Comedy

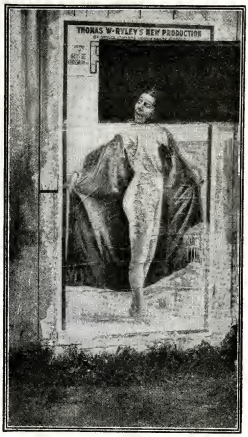
CAST

Will Stark, a bill poster.....Arthur Houseman
Bill Spivens, his assistant.....Harry Gripp
Nellie Primm .....Gladys Hulette
Her Aunt Susan.....Mrs. C. Jay Williams
The Kodak Fiend.....William Wadsworth

SYNOPSIS

THIS is the story of the love affair of Will Stark, a handsome bill poster, and dainty Nellie Primm, the village belle. Much opposition to the match is made by the latter's Aunt Susan. She has decided views upon worldly matters and tries her best to break up the plans of the young couple. Arrangements are made, however, for an elopement while Aunt Susan is in town. As fate would have it, however, who should she meet but Bill Spivens as he is posting a glaring three-sheet of the ballet dancer while the Kodak fiend is taking a snap shot of the operation. Nellie's aunt is horrified and proceeds to express her views on such matters. Spivens and the Kodak fiend decide to decorate her barn in retaliation. Meanwhile elopement plans have gone along nicely and Stark and his sweetheart leave for town while Aunt Susan is busy in the barn. Hearing a noise outside, she opens a window and looks out just in time to appear in a photograph the Kodak fiend is taking of Spivens and his work in which her head serves to complete the poster. Meanwhile, the young couple have been married and on their return the Kodak fiend forces Aunt Susan's forgiveness by threatening to publish the photograph of her.

The Young Couple before Leaving for Town are Amused at *Spivens'* Joke



Aunt Susan's Head Appeared at the Window So Placed that It Completed the Poster

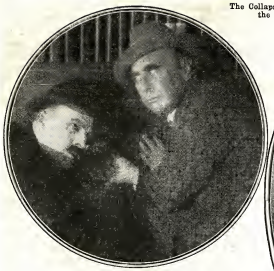
The Kodak Fiend is Preparing to Snap *Spiven's* at His Work When the Window is Flung Open

Later the Three of Them Have a Good Laugh at the Joke on *Aunt Susan*

Spivens is an Idiotic Appearing Fellow and Always Full of Franks

Stark Warns His Assistant About Using the New Paste

The Bill Poster's Assistant Listens Attentively While He Receives His Instructions



The Black Hundred are Determined to Find the Hargreave Million

The Collapsing Stairs Foil the Officers

Only a Skilled Banker Could Have Seen the Currency Was Counterfeit

Norton Repeats the Damaging Tale the Dictaphone Tells

The Silent Messenger of Science Does Its Work Perfectly

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

Thanhouser's $1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

EPISODE XIV—NORTON MAKES A DISCOVERY

ALL STAR CAST

Sidney Hargreave, the millionaire....Alfred Norton
Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter.....
..... Florence LaBadie
Jones, Hargreave's butler.....Sidney Bracy
The Countess Olga, member of the Black Hundred
..... Marguerite Snow
Braine, leader of the Black Hundred.....
..... Frank Farrington
Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter.....James Cruze
Susan Farlow, Florence Gray's chaperon.Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS

THE Black Hundred are determined to rid the Hargreave home of its occupants so that a thorough search may be made for the million dollars. That night, one of the order waits until everybody has retired, and he opens a window and gets into the library. Taking down three volumes from shelves, he places packages of money between their leaves. Just as he is departing, Jones appears, levels a pistol at him and demands that he halt. The crook leaps through the window, Jones' shot missing. The prowler goes to a hotel and writes a letter to the secret service, but Norton is there also, picks up the blotter and reads enough to make him hasten to Jones. They find the counterfeit money, but lay a deep plot, which means the installation of a dictaphone. Jones tells Norton of a secret passage from the stables to the house, and Norton perfects his plans, confiding in the government agents. The officers come and arrest Jones, Florence and Susan, who protest volubly. That night, the Black Hundred appear, enter the premises and look diligently, talking of their success the while. Hearing, by means of the dictaphone, Norton and the police who are with him, follow the band, and actually get into the building where the counterfeit press is located. They see one of the conspirators at the head of the stairs and rush for him. The stairs collapse, and they are plunged into the basement, and their plan fails.

Norton Tells Florence about the Dictaphone's Wondrous Properties

Jones—the Alert—the Unsleeping—is Always on Guard!

Hospitality Abused

(Continued from page 7)

them so little good; then set a match to the fragments. Then he produced a letter of credit he hadn't tried to use since the real trouble began—having cannily arranged, long before, for a plentiful supply of gold, which had survived even the troubles at Altkirch.

"We've got no money except this—and no one will cash it for us, see?" he said. "Ho—for Berne and the American minister. We're going to England, Billy. I'll trust these films to no one but the purser of an American steamship."

They reached Berne safely enough. And there they found a crowd of American refugees that had become philosophical, after the manner of Americans, and was waiting patiently for the American minister to send them home. He was doing wonders, too, and the movie men had only three days to wait before they were part of a happy trainload being rushed to Berlin. The German government was doing all it could to make every one understand how much it valued the friendship of America; it explained that all it wanted was to help the Americans who had been caught by the sudden outbreak of war to reach their homes. It could do only so much; safe conduct to Rotterdam, however, it could guarantee. And that was all that Taggart wanted—or he thought it was.

In Berlin there were delays. There, too, strangely enough, they got a new impression of war. Taggart knew Berlin intimately. Yet he was like one lost. For this was a strange, new city. It was not the presence of soldiers; there were fewer uniforms in sight than in times of peace. It was something in the air; something almost indefinable. The first thing that brought home the difference was a sight outside a certain building. There great throngs of women were waiting. They formed in long lines. And others came out, also in lines, to break up when they reached the street. Many of these were weeping; others, one could see, were holding the tears back by main force. Taggart asked a question of a bystander—a German.

"It is there that the lists of the dead and the wounded are given out," said this man. He was not young, the man who told Taggart this.

Something about his bearing intimated that, had he been a youth, he would not have been there at all. He shrugged his shoulders now. "It is all one," he went on. "Some will come back—some will stay. I came back—in 1871. And I went to Paris, too—by way of the Spicheren, of Woerth, of Gravelotte, of Sedan."

Night, in Berlin—and with the fading of the light, silence. The restaurants with the French and English names—all were closed. Not even the names had survived. The electric signs had been stripped of their bulbs. No one had time to dance or sup. That night life decreed by the Kaiser himself had been wiped out in a night—for now the serious business of life was at hand. Everywhere stores were closed. No carriages, containing members of the imperial family drove through the streets, to be saluted and cheered. Three of the Kaiser's sons were with the army; one was with the fleet. Even the women of the House of Hohenzollern had gone to the front. There was work for them to do in the hospitals. And, like the humblest hausfrau, those women had to think, day and night, of the safety of their men, as truly targets for the French and English bullets as the poorest soldier in the ranks. War. That was it; here, in Berlin, it took on a sort of grimness different from the grimness of the field, lacking the slightest vestige of the spectacular, the glorious.

Fighting was one thing. But this—this was worse, it seemed. These women were bearing the brunt, after all. A man, once killed, might forget. But these had to remember, and to wonder what they were to do. And to go back, perhaps, to look into children's eyes, and listen to questions about the man at the front. . . .

For the first time Taggart was really sobered, as he had not been even in Altkirch, while the German lieutenant was so coolly explaining what would happen to them in a few hours.

Patrons of This Berlin Cafe Wrecked the Place Because They Were Not Allowed to Sing Patriotic Songs

"I'm glad I'm an American," he said, fervently, to Reynolds. He looked down at the tiny American flag that he wore in the lapel of his coat. All the Americans did that, by advice of the Embassy. It won them the toleration, at least, of the Germans. And at that Taggart had to smile a little. He remembered German feeling before the war. Americans had been reasonably popular in Berlin even then—when they had money to spend, and among those likely to profit from the spending. Now it was different. Germany, isolated in Europe, feeling the world against her, was courting America and the Americans.

Even so it was necessary to wait. Neither the efforts of the American ambassador nor the eagerness of the German authorities could get trains through to Rotterdam until the military use of the railroads had dwindled somewhat. But they started at last, Taggart and Reynolds, and some hundreds of other Americans. And, until the train reached Hanover there was no hitch. There they were bundled out. The German officials were polite, but inexorable. There must be a delay. Troops were being moved south and west; the coaches were needed. The delay might be for a few hours; it might be for days. At any rate, there was nothing for it.

"Well—I've never seen Hanover," said Taggart. "It might be worse."

Hanover was not crowded with tourists, at any rate. They were told that the few who had been there had departed promptly. The general paralysis of train service hadn't kept them from getting away. So they found comfortable hotel quarters, and then set out to see the town—or as much of it as the rules would permit. Here soldiers were very numerous. And here, also, they met, for the first time, a violent epidemic of spy fever. That is a curious disease, prevailing in countries that are at war. Its symptoms are a violent belief that every foreigner is a spy and an equally violent determination to conduct an immediate personal search. Taggart and Reynolds, despite their American flags, were arrested near the railroad station.

But the films, which would have served as their death warrant were not found; Taggart's method of hiding them defied all search. So they were released, with apologies. But other incidents made it plain that the desire to conciliate Americans had taken no deep root in the ancient free city of Hanover. The point was, rather, that they looked like the English, they talked like the English, and they probably were as bad as the English—which was the last word in sodden badness.

"So far, so good," said Taggart. "But we've got to mind our Ps and Qs here, Billy. The next lot might find those films—and, if they do, good-night! They wouldn't even invite us to explain—they'd stand us against the nearest wall and use us for targets!"

"Ugh!" said Billy. "I can't see this war thing at all. Baseball puts it all over it as an outdoor sport. This killing people isn't my idea of the way to do things at all. Even an umpire gets by in baseball—and tell me how long he'd stick here? They'd have hung Hank O'Day long ago if he'd tried anything in this league!"

So they mutually agreed to be cautious. Which was probably why they hurled themselves into the middle of trouble exactly seven minutes after their release. Being Americans, however, they couldn't have helped it. For what they saw was two German civilians dragging a girl toward a police station. Not just escorting her; dragging her. Billy took one; Taggart the other. Billy chose an uppercut; Taggart a diving football tackle. Their tactics were good; their strategy was at fault. They failed to allow for the inevitable reënforcements. And a dozen Hanoverian policemen subdued them in short order. They were dragged, for the second time, to the police station. There the military officer surveyed them with a frown. He inquired what they meant by interfering with justice when they had just been favored by release?

"We saw two brutes maltreating this young lady!" said Taggart, hotly. "We did what any Americans would do—went to her assistance—"

"Silence!" said the officer. He spoke in a low tone to one of the policemen, who had been conferring with the aggrieved citizen who had felt the weight of Reynolds' fist.

"This woman is accused of being a British spy," said the officer. "Prisoner—your name?"

"Spencer," said the girl. "Mary Spencer. And I'm not a spy."

She flung one swift look at Taggart. And in it he saw deadly fear, and a plea for help. For a moment he was startled. Then his wit came to his aid.

"Miss Spencer a spy!" he said, furiously. "What nonsense! You called me one, too—I suppose the evidence against her is as strong

as it was against me! Miss Spencer—" He paused a moment; then, magnificently, he went on. "Miss Spencer is my fiancée! Is it likely that she, an American, is a spy?"

Billy gasped. Miss Spencer blushed. But Taggart went on. Once started, he was not to be checked.

"Look here!" he cried. "We Americans didn't start this war—and we're not trying to interfere with it! We came over to spend our money—and your people were mighty glad to get it! We don't mind inconvenience and delay—we know that in war time people have got to expect that! But I tell you our state department won't stand for this sort of thing —American girls being dragged through the streets and searched in police stations! Here —I haven't done anything! Let me out and I'll find our consul here—I'll telegraph to the ambassador in Berlin! Miss Spencer's his niece—do you think he'll like this?"

Poker is not a German game. It isn't suited to the German temperament, which prefers the exactitude of pinocle and skat. The officer didn't call Taggart's bluff. He growled an order, and then he turned balefully to Taggart.

"The train will proceed for Holland in half an hour," he said. "See that you take it."

How he did it I cannot pretend to say. Taggart, in those days, was accomplishing the supernatural. But he got a compartment for himself, Billy, and the girl, in that train, to themselves. She was strangely silent. Her thanks were expressed in monosyllables. But she changed after a certain point, where the guards gave way to stolid Hollanders and a suspicious German military patrol demanded reassurances. Once they were safely in Holland she turned to Taggart.

"You were wonderful!" she cried. "But, oh —if they hadn't believed you! You would have been arrested, too—for being in league with me!"

"But—you're not a spy!" gasped Taggart.

"They'd call me one," she said. "I'm English—and I've got papers that the man who gave them to me could never have got out of the country. He got them from our military attaché the day before war was declared—and he passed them on to me. I'm taking them to our government."

Taggart looked at her admiringly.

"Really?" he said. "I—well, you know, that's what I call real pluck! And—I'm sorry—I'm not trying to be impertinent, really—I'm sorry our engagement was so—temporary!"

She flashed her first smile at him.

"Perhaps we'll see one another in England," she hinted. "And—I'm going to claim you as a fiancé until we get there! Are you going straight home?"

Billy listened for the answer.

"No—I'm coming back," said Taggart. "I'll be frank, too, Miss Spencer. I've got stuff on me that would make anything you carry look like the secret plans of a schuetzenfest. If you've really got a pull with the British government, you may have to get me out of a London jail by way of getting even."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Message to Tsing-Tau

(Continued from page 5)

The court martial was concluded. Stripped of his Mandarin robes, Tamakura stood before them—unspeaking and unafraid. Buddha had demanded his own, and the will of the emperor was nearly done. Only his heart remained beyond their mandates, and that was in a little garden in Nippon—in Lonnaveta's care.

"You will not speak?" the officer roared in madness, as he came before Tamakura and glared into the messenger's unblinking eyes. But the herald of the Mikado returned the gaze unflinchingly. He had often wondered how it would seem to die—how it would be to leave suddenly and never more return. For years, he had not cared, even when the question thrust itself upon him—but it was different now. Why should a man be born alone and struggle all alone and die alone—and still have so small a voice in his own destiny? Of what value was a creed when the bitterness of reality obsessed one? What of Buddha—or the host of other gods? They dealt with gladness as they answered pain—in silence. All the mighty forces remained silent; only bonded automatons like Tamakura must stir around and about—and suffer.

"Well, as a pledge of faith, I offer you this one gift if you speak!" And the German officer bared his sabre-teeth and smiled—a grin as yellow and sickly as the waters of the bay of Kiao-Chau, or the fog that hugged the bay. "You may choose the manner of your death!" the officer continued.

"Beloved me!" Tamakura replied in dry, laconic tones, "and deliver my head, as it is, to a man I've never met, but whose writings I have read deeply and with reverence—the banker, Len Sun."

The officer bowed, and his smile deepened. He was satisfied.

And when the grewsome trophy was handed to Sun, he displayed great fear, but accepted it in silence, for he knew that somewhere about it—possibly in the tortoise comb—was a message to Kiao-Chau—a message that would call into action the sleeping hordes of China!

* * *

Lonnaveta awoke from a remarkably pleasing dream. A great joy surged through her soul—for she had heard chimes—a thin, golden tinkle, like the distant call of bells.

The harvest moon was just melting in the West, and the birds were proclaiming the coming of a new day. All night long, the maiden had slumbered in her garden until the roses at her corsage were limp, collapsed and dead.

"Oh, Tamakura has won!" she carolled gladly. "Tamakura will be back soon. I *feel* him near me now! See, I will loose his wondrous incense—I will revive the drooping roses —his roses—until they once more give out the fragrant breath of heaven."

She grasped the vial from the bench and pulled its stopper. She saturated the petals of the roses with the liquor—and then gathered them to her and inhaled their fumes.

Lonnaveta pitched forward on the stones of the garden walk without a tremor—and buried her graceful head among the bits of glass of the *other* vial—the container of the glorious perfume that had blown from the bench, and fashioned her dreams with its incense and imitated the tinkling bells with its breaking.

Lonnaveta had gone to join Tamakura—at the minute and the second that Len Sun had opened the hollow comb and read the message to Tsing-Tau.

The Making of An Actress

(Continued from page 12)

color rose. But she controlled herself, and made no answer.

"Silly little girl," cackled the old roué. "Oh, I know! I'm too old for you. You found some young fellow you liked better. But—isn't it hard to come back to this?"

Still she refused to answer him, or even to look at him. And, after a time, he left her, still chuckling in his senile way. But such rebuffs could not discourage him. His skin was thick enough to be proof against them. And night after night he lay in wait for her —helped by that rule of the stage, designed, it is whispered, for the benefit of just such creatures, that made it impossible for Vera to escape by using another exit.

And the night came when nature itself conspired to aid him. Vera was ill; all day black spots had been dancing before her eyes as she tried to wait on her customers. Her feet were like pieces of raw meat; for the last few hours of the afternoon all that sustained her was the thought of the fresh air that would smite her when the doors opened to release her. When closing time came she staggered, rather than walked, to the street. And, outside, she reeled against a post, and stood, clinging to it, while she drank in deep drafts of the air that seemed like healing lotions to her lungs.

Then, every step an agony, she began the walk to her room. No dinner; she was far too tired and sick for that! All she wanted was to lie down, to get her shoes off, and rest her feet. And, as she began her weary progress, old Hazzard was beside her.

"You're tired," he said, with the first note of what even sounded like genuine sympathy she had heard in his voice. "Here—I'm an old man. Forget what I want—let me take you home in a taxi. You're only a child, after all."

She was too tired to look in his eyes for the baleful light she would have found there; it was never absent. She said nothing, but she stopped. A moment later he was helping her into a cab. He whispered his order to the driver; Vera did not try to hear, but leaned back against the cushions, infinitely grateful that at last her weight was off her feet. She closed her eyes in utter exhaustion; when she opened them again it was to see that they had reached the park, and were driving through leafy roads, where the air was cool and clean.

"I want to go home," she said. "Please—I must go home—"

"Soon—soon," said old Hazzard. He cackled again, in the way she hated. "Can't let you get away as soon as this!"

He slipped his arm about her and drew her to him. In a moment she was vitalized.

"Let me go!" she cried, turning on him, rage in her eyes. "Don't dare to touch me—"

He only laughed. She screamed as he drew her closer. The driver turned a moment—and grinned! And at once Vera, all her instincts awake again, moved. Old Hazzard she struck, square between the eyes. He staggered back from her, freed her, for the moment, mouthing angrily. And before he could stop her she had torn open the door and was clinging to the step, screaming for help. The driver turned to force her back, slowing down; she seized the chance, and jumped, landing in a sprawled heap in the road. But she was not hurt and she was on her feet, still screaming, when the cab was stopped, and Hazzard and the driver started running toward her. But before they reached her another cab had come up from behind. From it sprang a man.

"Here—what's this?" he said, savagely. And then: "Vera!"

It was Harry Forster who faced old Hazzard.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

Being a Hero

PROBABLY there is no more enthusiastic motion-picture actor in the world than Francis X. Bushman. He takes as much interest in the production of a new film as the producer himself, and his suggestions as to scenery and costumes are considered invaluable.

"Sometimes I have a longing to return to the stage," said Mr. Bushman, "but these longings are few and far between. I am in love with my work, and I really think a great deal of good can be accomplished by the motion picture actor. He appeals to millions of people, young and old. On the stage his audiences are necessarily limited. I enjoy thinking that every day I am appearing on the screen and giving enjoyment to thousands. When I say 'giving enjoyment' I do not mean that my acting is unusual or anything like that. I mean that in most of the pictures I am cast for the hero, and as a hero I am doing big, brave things that must necessarily influence the people who see me.

"When I am appearing as the hero of a play, I try to forget that I am just an ordinary human being, and I try to throw myself into the part as a real hero. I act as I imagine a real hero would act, and as result my audience is with me from the start to the finish. These are some of the things that make motion pictures attractive to the actor.

"I do not think I will ever return to the stage. I have become a motion-picture fan as well as an actor, and I have ceased to listen to the call of the 'footlights.'"

Famous Feature Films

The Sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin

Sam Lucas as *Uncle Tom* and Marie Eline as *Little Eva*

Reviewed By Vanderheyden Fyles

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "St. Elmo"

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE and Augusta Jane Evans would blink their eyes in wonder if they could arise from their revered graves and see their famous Southern novels told with eloquence and pathos on either side of the glare and turmoilence and clatter of Broadway. More than half a century has passed since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published, and almost as many years since "St. Elmo" satisfied the taste of the times as well as "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" and "The Salamander" nowadays; and it would be impossible to calculate the number of readers even the less famous of the old romances since has had. Then, too, there have been the countless dramatizations of both books. These are, in a way, more closely akin to the photo-plays newly made from the stories and shown in New York. On the other hand, the pictures come more directly from the books, for the almost unlimited possibilities of the screen make it feasible to rehearse an entire novel and in less time than the ordinary acted dramatization takes to touch on only its more salient points. It is that very vastness of opportunity that makes one critical of results that are no more than reasonably good, where something extraordinary might have been achieved. In the making of motion-pictures imagination has not kept pace with the mechanics of the art. The technical advance has been—and continues day by day to be—remarkable; what is needed is scenario-writers and producers with imagination in some proportion to the facilities at their hands. As it is, the effect is not unlike the Boston Symphony Orchestra reduced to accompanying a player on the jew's-harp.

No town in America is so small that it has not had its "Uncle Tom's Cabin," from the latest New York revival with Wilton Lackaye and an "all-star cast" to the hamlet invaded by an Uncle Tom who "doubles in brass" and, perhaps, "Two Topsies—Count 'Em—Two!" The play has come to have sounds as traditional as its story—Topsy "with song," the baying of the bloodhounds, the plink-plink of the banjoes and the harmony of the singers in the cotton fields. On the other hand, in place of the canvas cakes of ice on which Eliza has escaped so many times across a stationary river, the pictures give us thrilling realism in an actually ice-clogged river, even though the bloodhounds show the emasculating influence of a highly cultured age by acting no more savage than a group of cocker-spaniels. But then, it is something to know that during the taking of these pictures, Irving Cummings, as George Harris, fell into the water and was nearly drowned. The newspaper stories added that he was carrying Little Eva at the time; but, as no such incident occurs in the play, we suspect that the publicity promoter lured Eva to the shore and pushed her in.

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" photo-play arranged by the World Film Corporation begins, at least at the New York theatre, with Little Eva in the flesh. Before the first picture, the child known as the Thanhouser Kid appears in front of a curtain and speaks a prologue designed to make a sort of Peter Pan of Little Eva. The little girl is rather pretty and engaging, and she speaks her few lines well. The exact analogy between a child who was incidental to a powerful arraignment of an infamous condition long ago abolished and the symbol of youth, in Barrie Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up, is a little difficult to make out, but the prologue serves to introduce a child who has made many friends on the screen.

There is nothing much to be said about the World Film Corporation's version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It rehearses Mrs. Stowe's story fairly lucidly, picturesquely and dramatically, with some humor and more pathos. The separate flights of Eliza and George Harris are so jumbled that only people familiar with the book (are there any who are not?) would suspect that the two negroes did not start and pursue most of the journey together. Then, too, more should have been made of the desperately daring crossing of the frozen river, second only in fame to the crossing of the Delaware by an earlier American—if, indeed, second; and with the market glutted with war pictures, less might well have been made of the guerrilla warfare between George Harris and the Quaker and the Haley agents in pursuit. Still, it is something to hear an orchestra placidly play "Down on the Suwanee River" as a suitable accompaniment of gunplay and destruction.

On the whole, the World Film Corporation has done very well with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Its version will serve until the day (not far off, let us hope) when it will occur to photo-play producers that something more than scenery and competent actors and crowds of supernumeraries is needed to catch the spirit that made a classic novel. Augustus Thomas might do worse than try his expert hand at "Uncle Tom."

It has been a good many years since I read "St. Elmo," and no film firm in business can drive me to read it again; but my memory must be bad if the story's chief attraction was not its highly sentimental picture of the South before the war. The photo-play shown at the Strand Theatre (makers unnamed) pointedly mentions that the play has been "produced amidst the beautiful scenery of Long Beach, California." That insures some rather charming (if highly colored) views, even though they have little to do with Mrs. Evans-Wilson's story. That, I fear, is as out of fashion as hoop-skirts and daguerreotypes. On the long road traveled between the publication of the book, in 1866, and its "filmization," in 1914, "St. Elmo" has picked up "Oh, Promise Me." As a prelude, Caroline Cassels sings the verses written by the late Clement Scott and sent immediately by him as a personal tribute to twelve different women, who unfortunately compared notes before sundown; set to music, some time later, by Reginald de Koven, and sung for many years by Jessie Bartlett Davis in "Robin Hood," apropos of nothing in particular, but with complete success.

The story of "St. Elmo" (I rely on my memory rather than the baffling mix-up on the screen) has to do with the wealthy owner of a Southern plantation. He is a hero of romance if ever one existed outside the pages of Ouida. On the very verge of marrying the girl he believes he loves, he discovers that her only interest is his fortune. Thereupon he casts her off and takes to drink. Then a railway train is wrecked, and one Agnes, daughter of a blacksmith, or otherwise related to the lowly forge, is injured and is carried to St. Elmo's place—perhaps to die, or yet, mayhap, to live. You will hardly be surprised to learn that Agnes decides on the latter course. Then St. Elmo falls in love with her. He would marry her. Unfortunately, he tells her the story of his life. He tells it several times. Indeed, he repeats it so often that Agnes is driven to refusing him, vast estates, Jameshackettesque physique and all. Then he goes away from here. Yea, even to the side of the sea. Whether he purposes jumping in or merely making sand-pies has not been made clear, when a vision comes to him. Answering it, he goes home and studies for the clergy. Finally, we see him delivering his first sermon. Agnes is in the front pew. The sermon is a very long one, and evidently Agnes concludes that, with a helpless congregation to address at will, St. Elmo will be less garrulous at home. In any case, she falls into his arms and all ends well.

MOVIE NEWS

Paul Revere's Ride

WHILE the armies of Europe are compelling the attention of the world, quite unknown to the people of Boston there has been re-enacted during the past week some of the events that stirred the world during the American revolutionary period.

The lanterns have flashed their signal from the steeple of Christ Church, Paul Revere has again made his famous ride, while British and American troops have been in conflict out Lexington way, and the townsfolk have wondered what it was all about and why the modern shutters had been removed from some of the historic dwellings.

The explanation comes from the board of Panama-Pacific managers for Massachusetts, who are busy preparing the state's exhibit for the big show. Motion pictures are to play an important part in showing the Massachusetts of today, but particular heed is being given to the enactment of four historic occurrences of the earlier days, viz., the Boston tea party, Paul Revere's ride, the battle of Lexington and the Deerfield massacre.

American Films Gaining

DUE to the present European military activities and the temporary suspension of film brands of a foreign manufacture, American made productions, whether of comedy or dramatic subjects, will gain a foothold on the eastern hemisphere that will supersede domestic subjects, according to Robert M. Savini, resident manager of the Warner Features, Inc., in discussing the situation.

"Bulletins from across the Atlantic gave American manufacturers cause to worry during the incipient stages of the war, for the reason that they thought their domestic output would be handicapped and overflow the film mart," said Mr. Savini. "Such is not the case, however. We find an outlet in every corner of Europe for our brand, and I believe other feature companies are experiencing little difficulty in doing the same.

"Quite naturally a little depression is bound to be felt, due to the uneasiness caused at the front. This stage has already passed in the states. When the war is over there will be a big demand for American pictures. Prices in this country for regular or feature service still remain the same. In London, Berlin, and Paris they have soared skyward, as trans-Atlantic shipping is practically at a standstill. The supply can hardly equal the demand, which will undoubtedly result in a continued increase."

War's Brighter Side

NOT the lease interesting of the moving pictures made of stirring scenes of the last Balkan war was that of the work of the Red Cross within sound of the guns on the battlefields, repairing damage to flesh and bone that bullets and shell had done. In one scene, it is recalled, a fine young woman from the British Isles was shown using a gun barrel as splints and bandaging up the smashed arm of a Greek soldier. She was going about her work in a businesslike way, not shedding tears over war's horrors, but smiling on everybody while her deft fingers were giving relief to the suffering fighting man. Her smile apparently was infectious, for not only the doctor, who seemed more her assistant than she was his, was grinning, but even the wounded man's face was divided between smiles and the grimaces of pain.

After all, there is a bond between warring nations that seem to endeavor to tear up and root out all things they have in common, for the Red Cross knows no nationality and is as ready to bind up the wound of a French soldier as that of a German fighting man, or an Austrian soldier as that of a stricken Scottish Highlander. If it were not for the Red Cross the horrors of war would be intensified, the list of dead would be far greater after each battle, and the sum of the torture of wounded men would be incomparably more intense. It cannot hope to repair all the men war wrecks and soften all the pain war causes, but it has earned the gratitude of the race because of what it has accomplished and what it is doing now on the battlefields of Europe.

Urge War Film Neutrality

THE National Board of Censorship of Moving Pictures, which is directly in touch with 90 per cent of the total output in the United States, has sent a circular letter to moving picture producers which says in regard to preserving a spirit of absolute neutrality on the part of the American people:

"When you are producing pictures containing war scenes, please precede actual pictures with about five feet of caption, asking the audience kindly to refrain from any expression of partisanship, adding that this request is directly in line with the policy of President Wilson. We further suggest that scenes which tend to arouse race hatred because of their realism and horrible detail be treated in a restrained manner."

Movies Affect Book Sales

MOTION picture or cinema depiction of standard works of fiction dramatized for production on the stage or for the picture shows is said to be favorably affecting sales of novels, and also increasing demand for them at the public libraries. Just as the new device that at first was deemed an enemy of the spoken drama is now said to be developing a new constituency for it, so the mechanism that makes possible visualization of a story like "Les Miserables" is found to be inciting book reading by persons to whom Victor Hugo hitherto has been unknown. The same is true of other authors whose books are now being dramatized and pictured for the masses.

It is true no doubt that increased use of novels circulated among readers dependent on free public libraries will not quickly enrich writers of fiction, and as a matter of fact the novels said to be most in demand as a result of cinema production are chiefly by writers who are not now concerned with book royalties. On the other hand, the novelized drama, the dramatized novel and the motion picture method form a combination which, if it works with the output of a contemporary author, insures an income enabling him or her to become quite self-possessed in the presence of publishers!

Films Lost in Europe

BURTON HOLMES, the lecturer, and M. H. Hanson, the concert director, returned to New York yesterday from the region of war. They came, as did many other refugees, on the Audania of the Cunard Line, which landed them in Quebec.

Both Mr. Holmes and Mr. Hanson had many experiences and the former lost many moving picture films he had taken. He said that all camera men were looked upon with suspicion, and that several of his operators, who were in middle Europe when the war began were lucky to get away alive without films or cameras. Mr. Holmes succeeded in bringing many films, some taken in the places where the fighting is now the hottest. His lectures this winter, he said, will be devoted to the war countries.

Mr. Hanson was loud in praises of the American committee working in London. "The committee perfected a wonderful organization on a moment's notice," said Mr. Hanson, "and has been working day and night in the interest of the Americans marooned abroad. All members of the committee have worked hard, but Theodore Hetzler, vice president of the Fifth Avenue Bank, and Oscar Straus seemed to be everywhere all the time, and it was on them that Americans in trouble leaned."

Safety First

EMPLOYEES of the Bay State Street Railway Company are to be taught the principles of "Safety First" by the means of motion pictures. The company is perfecting a series of moving picture films which will be taken about the system to the different headquarters and shown at meetings of motormen and conductors. Later, it is possible that the general public will see these pictures.

There is a two-fold purpose in this new and up-to-date move of the company. One is to prevent injuries to the traveling public, which are also expensive to the corporation, and the other is to avoid accidents that will cause expense in repairing cars and other running gear.

One idea is to teach the motormen, especially the new men, how to control a car properly. Other pictures will show how to give aid to employees who have been shocked by an electric current. How to give first-aid to injured passengers will also be shown.

Getting the Punch

"ANYTHING for punch" is the slogan of the feature film producer of today, and in the endeavor to show exciting scenes which will grip the audience and cause a shiver of apprehension along their spinal column, the lives of those participating in these feature productions are really very often placed in jeopardy.

Take the instance of "The Aztec Treasure," a two reel Eclair western drama, in the making of which it was necessary to have Bob Frazer, the leading man, take refuge in a quicksand pit overshadowed by the crumbling ruins of an old Spanish mission. The scene was rehearsed and gone through with much gusto, and as the artist sunk deeper and deeper in the sand, the director took it to be a good bit of realistic acting and ordered his camera man not to miss a foot of it.

It was only when Frazer shouted in desperation that he was sinking rapidly in the sand, which had reached his waist, that the director realized the true state of affairs, and by the aid of ropes the actor was drawn out in the nick of time. The photograph shows that the sand had reached his waist some time before the camera man was stopped.

As a Nurse in Belgium

SAMUEL GOLDFISH of the Lasky Feature Picture Play Company recently received a letter from Edna Goodrich, who is marooned at Ostend. Miss Goodrich should be here now to act in motion pictures of "The Heart of Maryland" and "The Warrens of Virginia" for the Lasky Company. The letter, written Aug. 12, describes the excitement in Belgium, and says:

"I have been busy every minute of my time making bandages for the wounded and trying in my small way to add a mite to their comforts. They are turning the various hotels into hospitals for the wounded and every one has come forward with a magnificent spirit toward alleviating the pains and suffering of those who are giving up their lives for their country."

The Calendar of Past Performances

Where you once could find our screen stars upon this very date—September 19th.

Crane Wilbur

© Vitagraph Co. of Amer.

Clara K. Young

Photo by Witzel

William Clifford

© Vitagraph Co. of Amer.

Julia Gordon

Alexander Gaden

1889—Lucius Henderson, then one of our most capable actors of juvenile and young heroic parts, was high in public favor as Colonel Robert Ellingham in Bronson Howard's masterpiece, "Shenandoah," which was in the early days of a lengthy New York run, being current at the Star Theatre.

1890—Rolinda Bainbridge was a treat for the eye in the role of the little maid, Rachel, in "The Maister of Woodbarrow," which pretty piece of sentimentality was a powerful magnet at the Lyceum Theatre, with E. H. Sothern in the stellar part.

1891—Percy Winter was a member of the supporting company surrounding E. S. Willard, who upon this date completed the first week of his very first visit to the city of Philadelphia, where he offered "The Middleman," at the Chestnut Street Opera House. Somewhat coincidentally, Mr. Winter is today somewhat actively concerned around Philadelphia and its environs through his Lubin company associations.

1892—Oscar Eagle was on tour, visiting the principal cities in "The White Squadron," in which he played two widely different roles, Deodoro da Fonesca and Commander Robertson, thus proving his subsequent Selig versatility thus long ago.

1893—Frank A. Lyon was vastly satisfied with life upon this particular occasion because only the night before he had registered a success as Dr. Caldwell Sawyer in Hoyt's "A Temperance Town," which had opened for a stay of considerable time at the Madison Square Theatre.

1894—Josie Sadler, though she has known many stage successes since this long ago, will probably always be best remembered by the theatregoers for her quaintly funny work as Gretchen in "Prince Pro Tem," which had just opened a return engagement at the Museum, Boston.

1895—Mrs. E. A. Eberle was almost as busy at this time as she is now in pictures, for she was a member of E. M. and Joseph Holland's company, playing at the Garrick Theatre in "A Man With a Past," but as this play was a dismal frost all her day time hours were devoted to rehearsals of "A Social Highwayman," in which she created the role of Mrs. Munyon Pyle.

1896—Frederick A. Thomson was enjoying that happy actor's boon, a lengthy New York engagement, playing one of the important parts in "Under the Polar Star," which was running at the Academy of Music, and which, according to the voice of rumor, we are soon to see upon the screen.

1897—Etienne Girardot, who during his footlight days made something of a specialty of playing young men who masqueraded in female attire, was cast for just such a part at this period, being Frank Staynor in "Miss Francis of Yale," which farce-comedy caused no end

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

of merriment, at the Metropolitan Opera House, St. Paul.

1898—Otis Turner was displaying a fine Irish brogue, this as Sergeant Barket in "Shenandoah," which was having a somewhat notable revival by Jacob Litt, being the tempting fare at the Davidson Theatre, Milwaukee.

1899—Frank Dayton was a fine figure of heroic virtue as that splendid young man, Frank Layson, in "In Old Kentucky," a melodrama with which he was identified for some time, upon this date attracting the crowds in great numbers to the Opera House, Elgin, Ill.

1900—May E. Abbey was a candidate for ingenue honors, playing the role of Lillian Weathersby in "Uncle Josh Weathersby Abroad," in the support of Cal Stewart, who had just opened his season, this day settling down for a lengthy run of two nights, at the Lyric Theatre, Allentown, Pa.

1901—William Clifford had temporarily laid aside his Shakespearean mantle and was paying tribute in the romantic field, being leading man with Walker Whiteside in "Heart and Sword," a drama which vastly impressed all those gathered beneath the roof of the Ware Opera House, Ware, Mass.

1902—Alexander Gaden was in happy possession of a season's engagement with the Dearborn Theatre Stock, Chicago, this being the opening week, his initial role being Lieutenant Haines in Ople Reid's new play, "The Harkriders."

1903—Josepha Crowell, reliable character actress that she is, this date completed a stay of eight days at the California Theatre, San Francisco, having just begun a lengthy season's tour as Aurelia Miller in "A Friend of the Family."

1904—Phillips Smalley kept a perfectly sober countenance, playing with all the seriousness in the world as a police court captain in that entertaining little classic, "Why Girls Leave Home," which was showing an object lesson, at the Academy of Music, Scranton, Pa.

1905—Carey Hastings was delighted with her professional progression, feeling reasonably sure about her future as a character actress, playing the role of Mrs. Martha Brown in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," at the Grand Opera House, Peoria, Ill.

1906—Julia Swayne Gordon, who specially delights us with her work as adventuresses and wicked ladies in countless Vitagraph releases, was working havoc behind the footlights then, being a handsome picture of feminine depravity as Olga Warrenough (wouldn't you know that as the name of an adventuress?) in "Secrets of the Police," which was the thrilling fare at the Folly Theatre, Brooklyn.

1907—Crane Wilbur caused many a flutter among female hearts as Frank Mason, that handsome protector of the distressed maiden, Lottie Love, in that pretty picture of the working girl's tribulations, "Lottie, the Poor Saleslady," which fairly had them yelling, at the Granby Theatre, Norfolk, Va.

1908—Robert Vignola, whom Kalem patrons specially like in roles of the Latin races, was a picturesque figure as Petro Mendoza in "Lucky Jim," in which that now popular Broadway star, Joseph Santley, was then playing, this day fulfilling a two nights' engagement, at the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa.

1909—Vivian Prescott was whooping things up in a lively and energetic manner, her inimitable animal spirits having an especially happy outlet as "Sal, the Circus Gal," which almost had them prostrate with joy, at the Grand Opera House, St. Paul.

1910—Thomas Chatterton was making an ambitious bid for popularity with the patrons of the stock company at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, where he was a new member, his role this day being George Huntley in "The Wolf."

1911—Clara Kimball Young was also a climber in the stock company ranks, playing ingenue parts with the Orpheum company, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, being thoroughly in her element as Madge Casey in "The Heir to the Hoorah."

1912—Donald Hall, most of whose career behind the footlights was devoted to the musical comedy stage, was having quite a happy time of it as Hector de Souzac Ipecac in "Tantalizing Tommy," in which Elizabeth Brice was featured, at the Chicago Opera House, in the city of that name.

1913—Robert W. Frazer, who probably little guessed then that both pictures and matrimony were awaiting him around the corner (Mildred Bright recently became Mrs. Frazer), was leading man with Cecil Spooner and her stock company at the Bronx playhouse bearing her name, this day having an especially happy chance in "The Girl and the Detective."

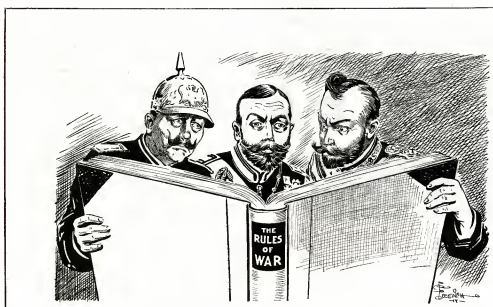
GREATLY to Donald Hall's discomfiture his fellow players learned that August 14 was his birthday and celebrated it accordingly. Immediately after his arrival at the studio in the morning things started to happen. As he entered his dressing room to make up for an important scene in which he was due in a few minutes, he was seized by several masked men and bound and gagged. He then had the exquisite pleasure of listening to a long lecture on imaginary misdeeds of the past. Following this he was ducked in a tank and locked in the engine room to dry out. About this time Mr. Hall's usual good nature began to ooze away, but it was soon restored when, at noon, he was released and ushered into the big studio where an elaborate luncheon was set in his honor and he was toasted and presented with a handsome gold-headed cane, by his co-workers.

West Coast Studio Jottings

News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

I SPENT a morning at the Norbig studios seeing part of Carlyle Blackwell's first picture under the Favorite Players' brand and if the picture is not a brilliant success then I have missed my guess. In talking to his leading lady, Edna Mayo, I find she is an ardent devotee of sculpture but she does not like cast-



THE KINGS' SCRAP BOOK

ing her own statuettes. She tried it once and there was a sudden pop and she got the stuff all over her hair, the fluffy dog and the room generally. She prefers to let others do the job now.

J. Francis Dillon is directing and doing well. G. P. Hamilton of the Albuquerque company is expected back shortly and Miss Dot Farley's holiday will cease. She has spent most of her time exercising her horse "Stumpy Bill" and in making the flowers grow in her garden.

Met Lawrence Peyton and Francis McDonald at the club. They have come up from the U. S. Film company at San Diego, closed down for a couple of weeks after which they expect to start up again. They are telling a tale on Louis Gottschalk, the composer and big stockholder in the Oz film company. Two small bears were caged to be used the following day and one got loose and scratched at the door of the projecting room. Gottschalk went into the dark passage to see what was the matter—a growl and the hasty and undignified retreat of a famous composer who created a record in getting to and through the window. They are getting along famously with the "The Magic Cloak of Oz."

Sorry to hear that Velma Pierce of the Sterling company has been in the hospital threatened with blood poisoning. She ran a rusty needle into her foot. She is convalescing. Things are running along the same old even way at the Sterling studios.

When at the big "U" I always like to drop into the dressing room of Jonathan and David, beg pardon, I mean Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran. I will likely find their director, Al. E. Christie, there too. I can always hear a good story there but make a quiet exit when they start their sextette (three Ukaleles and three voices!).

I was sorry to hear that J. Warren Kerrigan had hurt his foot and noted that he had a scenario written around it so as not to waste time. Wilfred Lucas was absent, home and in bed, just clean tired out after working for months with a wounded shoulder. Cleo Madison is still performing wonders in the "Trey of Hearts" series and receiving numerous notes of commendation.

Had lunch with Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, and Grace asked, "Have I a love scene in this movie? Afternoon?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative, this graceless person remarked, "Then I shall eat onions." (Note. This would meet with William Garwood's approval.)

Don't you love coincidences? I do. Beverley Griffith, head-everything to Fred Balshofer and Ford Sterling, went to Chinatown to get a cook for Fred. The very first man he asked said, "Me savvy motie picter man. Me cookee Davie Horslee." He had cooked for Dave Horsley and as this same Dave possesses an epicurian taste, Ah Soon was engaged on the spot.

I received two post-cards from Gotham this morning, one from Edwin August saying he had some big news ahead for me and one from Mona Darkfeather, saying she was having a whooping time and would soon be back again. I received a letter from House Peters from San Rafael and he tells me he has resigned from the California Motion Picture Corporation, and will probably pay Los Angeles a visit. Whenever I think of House Peters I think of "The Bishop's Carriage," in which his work was so excellent. I ran across Fred Huntley of Ed. J. Le Saint's Selig company and Fred says his wife and girl have gone visiting the folks in Maine, and he's lonesome and he doesn't like keeping house and feeding the chickens. Mrs. Huntley, please return.

An interesting man at the Selig plant is the well known artist Gabriel Pollock, sent on by Mr. Selig from Chicago to paint the special scenery for "The Carpet of Bagdad." Out at Glendale Burton King keeps on plugging away with excellent one reelers. He put on recently "The Road to Fame," by F. McGrew Willis and "Diverging Paths," by Hetty Gray Baker. Burton still keeps within a fraction of breaking the speed laws with his automobile and the cops have an eye on him.

Last week the Lasky combination produced their first one-reel subject, "The Day of the Dog," with Ed. Abeles and Bessie Barriscale. It is a western melodrama. At the present time the Lasky people are busy on preparations for coming features.

Out at the Reliance studios I found Jack O'Brien putting on a two-real Western, "The Final Verdict," and the unfortunate Indian, Eagle Eye, is scheduled for another big cliff drop. This man must be made of rubber. Eddie Dillon has completed a strenuous prize fight comedy, "Bill Manages A Fighter," in which the scrapper, Hobo Doughterty, showed Eddie a vigorous few minutes. "Too much realism," says Dilion. Tammany Young is featured in this with Fay Tincher. David Griffith has a new straw sombrero. The dearly beloved old one had a hole in the top and as he had his head shaved, old Sol made it uncomfortable. Hence the new tile.

Special Reliance note. Lillian Gish has repainted and varnished her own pretty dressing room and it made her awfully sticky. They are going in for horse accidents at the Balboa. Jackie Saunders figured in a runaway and landed head first in a bush, scratching herself up, whilst Henry Stanley tried to beat an auto for speed and landed in a ditch and was unconscious for some time. Both are able to ride again now. H. M. Horkheimer has gone to New York with a big shipment of films. A good deal of misapprehension is caused by writers, including myself, mentioning actors and actresses at Santa Monica and stating they appeared at one time in a Kay Bee picture and at another Domino or Bronco. The artists at the N. Y. M. P. Corp. studios do not work for any one brand, but for all three. Admirers of Charles Ray, please note.

There is a real live Count polishing furniture at a Hollywood studio. It is Count Olly Zitka of Prague, and he can neither get home nor can he get any money, so he is working hard instead. He holds a motor car race record for Monte Carlo and is an all round good sportsman and an excellent musician.

At the American studios Thomas Ricketts has taken over his regular company again. Harry Pollard featured Margarita Fischer in "The Only Way," a strong dramatic story and is now on a comedy, "In a Tight Pinch," and William Garwood has a beautiful purple bathing suit and a healthy coat of tan. I understand from Lorimer Johnston that he has left the Santa Barbara Motion Picture Corporation and will be in Los Angeles in a day or so.

I have received a really interesting letter from Fred Gamble, who has been taking arctic pictures for the Sunset Motion Picture Company of San Francisco. It is dated July, East Cape, Siberia, and he says he has encountered lots of ice and snow and enough fog to make dear old Lunnon jealous. He had taken about 15,000 feet of film so far and expected to be in Nome in a week or so from his writing. Fred Gamble is one of the best known and most courageous men in the business.

Dr. Jackson

DR. J. A. JACKSON, a physician of Hollywood, California, takes exception to an item in the West Coast Studio Jottings of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL of May 30th. He states emphatically that the facts in the article are untrue and asks that same be corrected. Dr. Jackson says he has been a resident of Hollywood for twelve years, and is a physician with a large practice, being surgeon for the Pacific Electric Railway Company, besides his private practice. He was called to attend the late W. W. Kirby, an animal trainer, who was injured by a lion at the Universal ranch near Hollywood. After the death of Kirby some erroneous statements were circulated by his enemies, according to Dr. Jackson. He alleges that the publication of one of these statements has injured his practice. THE MOVIE PICTORIAL regrets exceedingly that anything published in its columns appears to have injured somebody. Inasmuch, however, as the article has been published—the truth of the matter stated becomes the point at issue and THE MOVIE PICTORIAL is having the whole subject thoroughly investigated. If it is found that Dr. Jackson has been injured by an untrue statement in MOVIE PICTORIAL we shall do all in our power to correct the wrong impression and restore him in the minds of our readers to the good standard which he apparently so well deserves.

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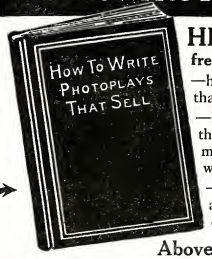

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The Enterprise Publishing Co., Dept. A, 3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago

Helps to the Solution of the Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 15)

portance than to mislead not only the Black Hundred, but you and me, as well! At this time I am not going to mention any other feature of the twelfth episode particularly. I may find something later on that will recall to my mind some other detail of this installment. There are a few apparently trivial things that will *fit in* when the time comes. Poor little Florence, who has saved her father, would likely not know him, or believe him, were he to come to her! I am not even going to dwell particularly on the remarkable attitude of Braine, who is ready to fire upon Hargreave when the millionaire and Jones are *just alike!* Has Braine recently come to realize that he is *outdone?* Does he know now he has been fooled? Braine has *lost* so persistently, it is difficult to see him win very much—unless he succeeds through violence. Braine could commit murder without a qualm. Such fellows as he should be cared for *before* they do damage. He is outgeneraled, and knowledge of it galls him—maddens him. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad!"

In behalf of The Million Dollar Mystery, I wish to say this: It has not only *kept up* the liveliest interest as a picture-play, but it is built on events and situations that might occur in every-day life. Unlike most stories, this one has been so much like the things we encounter in life, its solution is not a dullard's task. At this moment I have a score of amazing ideas in mind. I can see many fine offshoots that may lead to matters of great moment for us. I must ask you to wait. We are moving over the final half of the story. The very *certainty* that we feel now might easily prove disastrous to us. We must be cautious. We must not think of constructing a solution. It is indeed difficult to have forbearance under the circumstances. We feel just like saying, "Ah, ha, Mr. Lonergan, *now* we know!" There are *ten* more episodes to view. I have no more idea than *you* have what they will be.

Suppose Hargreave drops out of sight again? Can we be *sure* that he is not killed? Many terrible events may come before us. We are reasonably certain of only such things as we have *seen.* Suppose subsequent occurrences upset our reasoning? They may. But I can give you this assurance: I am just exactly as *keen* on this "case" as I was in the beginning. I shall *not* relax vigilance! Let us be prudent, take a new grip on the Mystery and watch for the thirteenth episode. Its numerical order suggests something ominous!

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The Movies and Their Future

(Continued from page 13)

motion picture, for the producers have had to present for the sake of novelty all sorts of places and conditions of men."

"Do you think that work in the motion pictures changes an actor's style of acting to its deterioration?" Mr. Frohman was asked.

"The arts of acting in the regular drama and on the stage are so fundamentally different that it would be as if a critic said that an artist could no longer paint in oils because he had tried his skill at etching. Occasionally there are actors who make successes in both kinds of work, but the rule is that success in one is no guarantee of success in another. There are great actresses who can not achieve the same success in motion picture work that girls without any stage experience can secure if the latter possess the peculiar gift of registering emotions in motion pictographs."

That Mr. Frohman practices what he preaches was evident when the company returned to work. Through the heat of a New York July afternoon he counselled, carving players in roles as a diamond cutter finishes the gems, and demonstrating another unvoiced belief, a creed for producer as well as for player, that "genius consists in the capacity for taking infinite pains."

Eastern Studio News

Gossip of Players In and Around New York

MAURICE COSTELLO is learning that to be popular means to be pestered to death by anyone under the sun who has an idea he can write scenarios. The popular Mr. Costello is in receipt of one letter from Alberta, Canada, stating that its writer is perfectly willing to work for him exclusively providing he will be paid enough for his services. The generous applicant enclosed one scenario with the letter and promised to write a "world-beater" of twenty-five or thirty reels if his services were accepted.

Reports from the French war zone state that the first medal awarded for gallantry in action was conferred on Corporal of Dragons Escoffier. Pathe Freres are in receipt of advice that the hero is none other than the actor Escoffier, a member of their stock company in Vincennes. He is a talented screen artist and has appeared in a number of big Eclectic features, the latest of which is "Leaves of Memory."

According to Alice Joyce the ancient Hindu costume is an ideal garb for the hot weather. And she ought to know because for two long, comfortable weeks the Kalem star wore the costume and defied the sun, thermometer, and everything else that is generally blamed as being conducive to warm weather. The reason for all this joy and defiance was "The Mystery of the Sleeping Death," in which Miss Joyce is being featured, but now that it is finished she has no excuse for wearing the costume any longer and can only think of how nice it was while the privilege lasted.

Audrey Berry, the seven year old member of the Vitagraph Company, has received a letter from a wealthy admirer stating that on her eighteenth birthday she will become heiress to a fortune, the necessary legal arrangements being already completed. The man is so enthusiastic about her work that he has written for her exact measurements, color of her eyes, hair, etc., and intends to have a doll made which will be a lasting reminder of how Audrey looked when a child.

Morris Foster, leading man in Thanhouser pictures, will soon appear in a release which contains something entirely new in motion picture photography. The film's title is "Jean of the Wilderness' and it contains a real campfire scene which was taken between 10:30 at night and 3:30 in the morning. It was photographed by the aid of the fire's light alone. Generally scenes of this kind are taken in the studio and colored in developing, but Director Durkin promises this new feat of his to be attractive in its originality. The scenario is that of Phil Lonergan's.

While staging "The Sign of the Cross" the director of a company of Famous Players borrowed a well known New York society woman's estate to use as the background for several exteriors. Greatly to their surprise, when the players arrived at the beautiful country home and met its owner, instead of being given the privilege of converting the garage and other buildings into dressing rooms, they were escorted into the residence and told to make themselves at home as they were the owner's guests as long as they stayed. Needless to say they accepted the generous offer and enjoyed it immensely.

One day Kate Price and a number of other Vitagraphers sailed to Grassy Point, Jamaica Bay, to take a number of scenes for "Fisherman Kate" in which she was to be featured. While playing her part Miss Price became interested in the occupation and traveled a steady beat between her fish-line and the camera focus. When her line had been in the water for a solid hour without attracting any scaly customers, Miss Price became discouraged and was about to quit when something began to tug like fury at the end of the line. Kate was happily excited until the victim was landed to the top and she saw that it was a four-foot shark. Right then and there the fishing game lost its charms for Kate Price. Hereafter, she says, when she goes fishing it will be right in off the street where they are packed in ice.

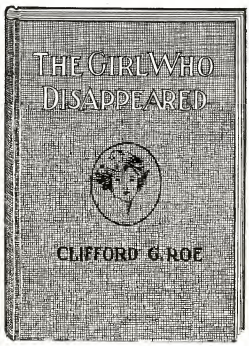
Lillian Herbert, Vitagraph actress, will soon be able to report at the studio for work, her nerves now being somewhat quieted after the disaster which attended the company in which she was working when one of the men, Chad Fisher, was killed by a bolt of lightning. At the time of the accident Captain Lambart, the director, was resting his hand upon Fisher's shoulder, and the shock passed through his arms, paralyzing them and confining him to his bed for several days. Although he is badly burned and his bones and joints are exceedingly sore, it is hoped that he will recover entirely and soon be back in normal condition.

If "The Million Dollar Mystery" villains were right on the job they could catch Florence Grey (Flo La Badie) most any morning as she leaves the Hotel Shelburne, Brighton Beach, for the studio. Flo thinks that this seven o'clock stuff is pretty shabby treatment for a millionaire's daughter, but having a record at the Thanhouser studio for responding without a murmur whenever she is needed, her good nature does not allow her to break it.

Bessie Learn, the attractive little leading lady of the Edison company, has just returned from Europe safe and sound, much to the relief of her many friends at the studio. Miss Learn was due back on August 1 and when she did not appear at that time it was feared that perhaps something had happened to prevent her returning during this troublesome period. Gertrude McCoy will now have to unearth her oil can and put her auto in the smoothest condition to hold up her side of the rivalry which has long threatened to reach its climax in a race between the two actresses' machines.

A Chicago Girl's Harrowing Adventure!

Drugged in a Restaurant She Barely Escapes an Unknown Fate!



Under the title of "A Timely Warning," the Illinois Athletic Club Magazine for August, 1914, prints the story of Miss ———, whose father is a prominent club member. The girl is eighteen, cultured, refined. While shopping in Chicago one day, she stopped in at a well-known, and presumably respectable, restaurant for lunch. A well-dressed elderly woman sat opposite her, and failing to draw the young lady into conversation, dropped her 'kerchief. She asked Miss ——— to pick it up. A few moments later, the girl fell in a swoon — likely caused by some opiate dropped into her food during that moment of thoughtless courtesy. In the rest-room, she aroused sufficiently to hear the woman say, "She'll be all right soon. She has these attacks frequently. My machine is outside and I'll take her right home." The girl struggled for speech, denied knowledge of the woman, gave her father's name, and fainted again. She was saved from a nameless fate!

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Information Department
Answers to Questions about Plays and Players

HAZEL B. P., NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.—Kathlyn Williams is the real name of the popular Selig leading woman, and a letter addressed to her care of the Selig Studio, Los Angeles, California, will reach her. She has been married but is now getting a divorce. If she has the time she will undoubtedly answer your letter.

POLLY G., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The Perils of Pauline series of films has not yet been completed. Originally, we understand, only fifteen parts, each two reels in length, was contemplated, but the series made such a hit with the public that it has been lengthened and now there will probably be twenty-five parts in all.

NORMAN B., ANDERSON, S. C.—Augustus Carney, formerly known as "Alkali Ike" and "Universal Ike," has not rejoined the Universal company.

LUDWIG M. C., NEW YORK CITY—For the names and addresses of the eastern film manufacturers, we advise you to buy a copy of a trade paper in which nearly all film concerns advertise. Give up your hopes of becoming an actor. Without years of experience you have about one chance in a thousand.

MARIE, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Kathlyn Williams has been married, but we understand is now suing for divorce. Florence LaBadie is single. No, Florence is no relation to James Cruze.

MARIE A., COALGATE, OKLA.—Haven't you read time and again in this department that amateurs have practically no chance whatever to succeed in their ambitions to become photoplayers? People with years of stage experience are unable to get work with the various picture companies, so what possible chance would you have, since you admit that you are without experience except that gained in church and home plays. Give up your idea of becoming an actress and instead enjoy the work of experienced players as you see it on the screen.

BERTA H. L., ORLANDO, FLA.—The Cines Company of Rome puts on short dramas, comedies and scenic and travel pictures, as well as the big classical productions like "Quo Vadis," "Antony and Cleopatra" and others of that character. We could give you the name of an Italian film paper which contains news of this company's activities, but unless you can read Italian it would be useless. The American film trade journals contain items of interest frequently regarding this concern, and the Bioscope, published in London, England, also refers to them occasionally.

ZOE G., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—That Nestor picture you mention was taken at Universal City, the plant of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, located near Los Angeles, California. The soldiers were supernumeraries of the Universal company and a small body of the California national guard. Grace Cunard, it was stated some weeks ago, was to leave the Universal to appear on the vaudeville stage, but late reports from Los Angeles indicate that Grace has received such a vast number of letters urging her not to desert the pictures, that she has renewed her contract with the Universal and will soon again be seen on the screen. She is already at work in a picture entitled "The Mystery of the Roses," being produced by Francis Ford. W. W. Kirby was killed at Universal City while working in a wild animal drama. He was attacked by a lion and injured so severely that he died within a short time. As to who saw the accident it would be impossible for us to here list the members of the company who were working with him, but all of them were present when the accident occurred.

EXHIBITOR, BLOOMING PRAIRIE, MINN.—There are three Reliance films released each week on the Mutual program, one on Monday, one on Wednesday and one on Saturday. It might be possible, of course, for you to get four Reliance subjects per week from your exchange, but you couldn't go on that way indefinitely, for there are only three being made each week.

MISS L. S., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Wheeler Oakman played the leading role in "In Defiance of the Law." We haven't a cast sheet of that "Little Mary" picture you refer to, but to the best of our remembrance Owen Moore played the lead in that particular film.

F. P. P., BIXBY, OKLA.—The complete cast of Eclectic's "When Rome Ruled" is as follows: *Nydia*, a young Christian girl—Nellie Craig; *Caius*, a young Roman—Clifford Bruce; *Caius' father*—William Riley Hatch; *Nydia's father*—Walter R. Seymour; *Caius' bride*—Countess de Marstini; *the bride's father*—A. H. Busby; *a high priest of Jupiter*—Charles E. Bunnell. The photograph you mention could probably be secured direct from the Eclectic company if you wrote for it. For pictures of the Keystone company appearing in that film write the New York office of the New York Motion Picture Corporation. For picture of Maude Fealy write head offices of Thanhouser Film Corporation; for Anita Stewart's photo write Vitagraph, and for Mary Pickford's write Famous Players Co.

ELIZABETH Z., LOUISVILLE, KY.—James Young is the husband of Clara Kimball Young. Would it make you any happier if you knew that Alice Joyce was married to Tom Moore? We draw the line at giving players' ages, as they sometimes object. Jane Fearnley was last seen with Famous Players. You don't give us the make of that picture you refer to, so can't say where it was produced. Can't tell you how many parts there will be to the Alice Joyce series. Harry Myers is now with Universal. The next three questions you ask would be only our own opinions, and we don't think it necessary to tell what we personally think of this or that player's acting. Form your own opinions. Courtenay Foote is now, we believe, playing with Bosworth, Inc. Charles Arling is now at liberty, we understand.

MRS. A. R. V., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Would suggest your buying a motion picture trade journal on the news stands and securing the names of the various film manufacturers and their addresses. Then apply direct to the studios and perhaps you will be given a chance to demonstrate what your little boy can do in the way of acting. If he is found to be capable he may "get on" in pictures, otherwise not. The chances are about one in twenty that he would secure an engagement, unless he has exceptional ability.

DOROTHY B., LYONS, ILL.—The cast of the Adventures of Kathlyn was as follows: *Kathlyn*—Kathlyn Williams; *Umbaliah*—Charles Clary; *Colonel Hare*—Lafayette McKee; *Winnie Hare*—Gordon Sackville; *Pundita*—Goldie Colwell; *Bruce*—Thomas Santschi.

E. W., TORONTO, ONT.—Yes, the address you have for Grace Cunard is correct, and we are quite sure that the first spare moment she has she will answer your letter. As to her age, ask her and not us.

IRENE R. R., CHICAGO, ILL.—The Selig Company is not at present taking pictures at its Chicago studio, so if you want to see films made you will have to apply to Essanay, the only Chicago concern at present with a company working in the city. Call at the Essanay office in the First National Bank building and ask for a permit to visit the plant.

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